VOL. CCXXII, No. 2902
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Reg'd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
SEPTEMBER 24, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

BULMER'S Cider

the most popular cider of all

DIEU ET MON DROIT

BY APPOINTMENT
CIDER MAKERS TO THE
LATE KING GEORGE VI
H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD
HEREFORD

C.1

EL TROVADOR JAMAICAN CIGARS

FABRICA DE TABACOS · EL · TROVADOR · JAMAICA

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Red Hackle
DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY

PROPRIETORS: Hepburn & Ross GLASGOW

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...

ask for a Scotch and POLLY

By Appointment
Purveyors of Champagne to the late
King George VI.

CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS

FINEST QUALITY
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
EXTRA DRY

Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

Luxury Toilet and Bath Soaps

Lindt

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/-

Getting outside a Guinness with R.L.S.

"FANNY ate a whole fowl for breakfast, to say nothing of a tower of hot cakes. Belle and I floored another hen betwixt the pair of us, and I shall no sooner be done with the present amanuensing racket than I shall put myself outside a pint of Guinness. If you think this looks like dying of consumption in Apia, I can only say I differ from you."

Letter dated: "At Sea, S.S. Mariposa, Feb. 19th, '93."
Quoted in "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," Vol. V.

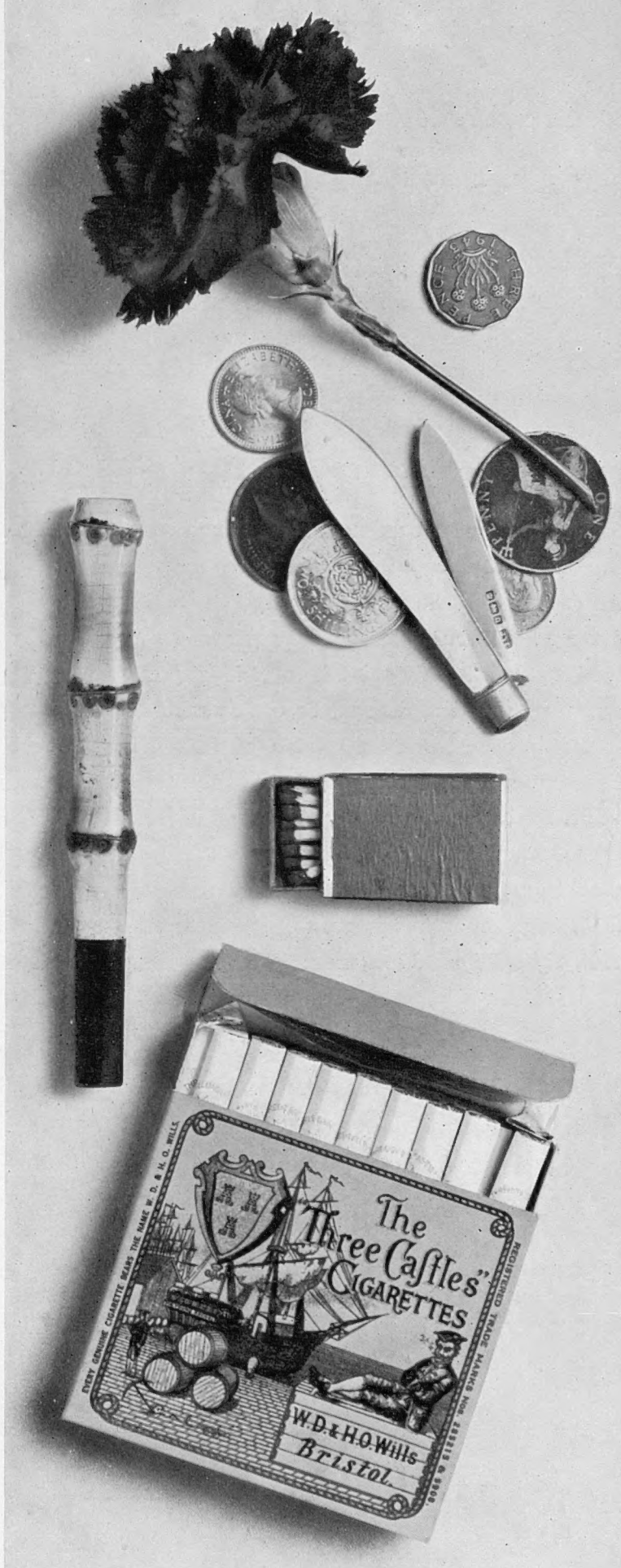
In 1893 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON had been living for three years at Vailima, in Samoa. He wrote this letter during a cruise in South Pacific waters. There is nothing surprising in his being able to get Guinness there. Guinness had long been a world-wide traveller, just as it is today.

Doctors everywhere are at one in recommending Guinness, in health as well as in convalescence. But one doubts if Stevenson waited for doctor's orders to enjoy his Guinness—any more than the rest of us do.

A copy of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10

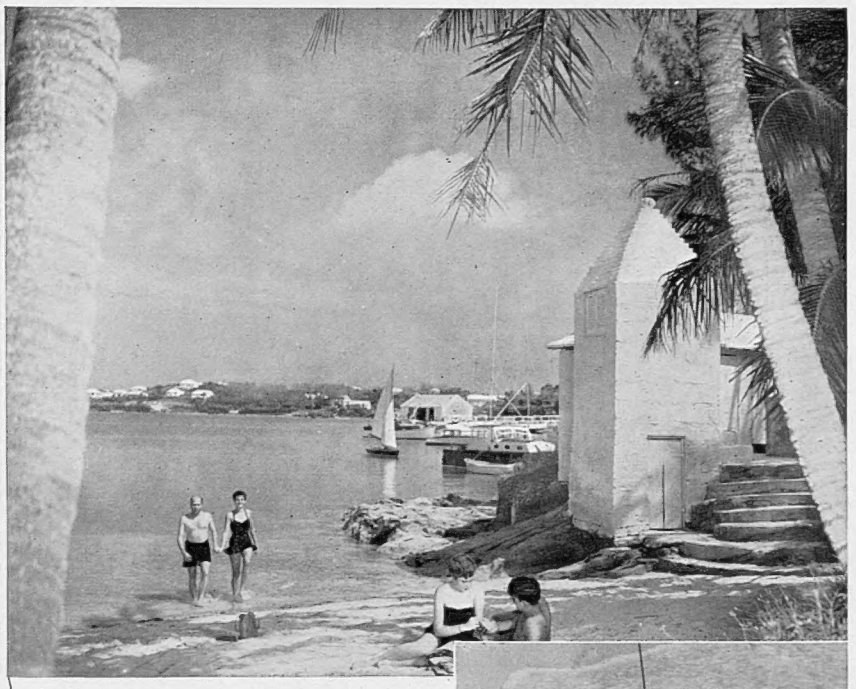
G.E.2441

"Three Castles"
cost a little more...



TC 3

It'll be bliss in Bermuda



Coral Island Heaven
Bermuda has the authentic coral island magic—blue sea and sky, pink powdery sand, and coloured clouds of flowers (plus plenty of frankly luxurious accommodation).

Big game with a rod
Even beginners have caught the really big fellows—tuna, marlin, bonefish. A shared launch makes the expense reasonable.

Imagine all your best holidays rolled into one—glowing days and gay, mild nights; hotels that make an art of looking after you; sailing on islet-freckled sounds or sauntering down flowery lanes; games or game fishing; swimming in calm or surf or simply revelling in *dolce far niente*—think of all that and you've got some idea of Bermuda. (Skiing? Well, no. We'd be deceiving you if we said it ever snowed in Bermuda. But you'll soon learn to water-ski.)

Bermuda is another name for bliss, sheer bliss—*and* it's in the sterling area.

Leave winter behind

Frost and fog are unknown in Bermuda. Even in January the average day temperature is 63°F and average bright sunshine 5 hours daily.

How to get there—

B.O.A.C. run two direct flights weekly, and daily via New York. By sea, there are direct sailings to and from Bermuda during the winter months (Cunard and P.S.N.C.). You can also sail via New York.

Businessmen who know the ropes

fly to and from Bermuda via New York. This costs no more than the return fare to New York only!

Your travel agent will give you full information about flights, sailings and fares, and also about accommodation. Or complete the coupon below.

The Bermuda Travel Information Office,
Dept. S, Rex House, 6, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Please send me colour booklet "Invitation to Bermuda" and information on travel facilities, hotels, etc.

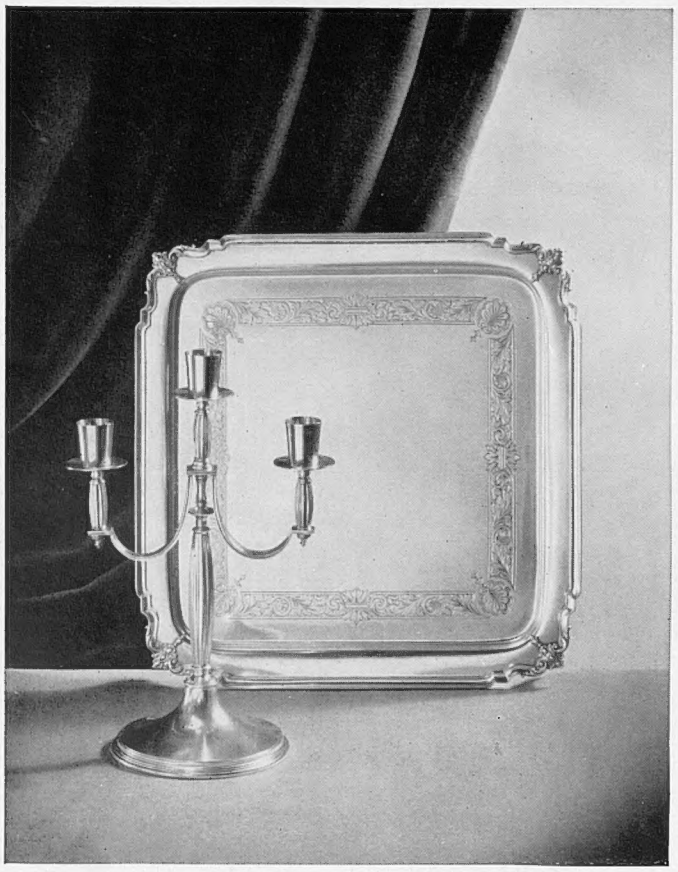
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS

FINE SILVERWARE *by* GARRARD



Sterling Silver Salver on four feet with engraved decoration
Size 14 ins. x 14 ins. . . . **£66.10.0**
Sterling Silver 3-light Candelabra per pair
Height 12 ins. . . . **£92.10.0**

SILVERWARE at '112' as illustrated by this Salver and Candelabrum maintains our tradition of fine craftsmanship. There are many more examples of equal beauty displayed for you to see in our showrooms. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent on request.

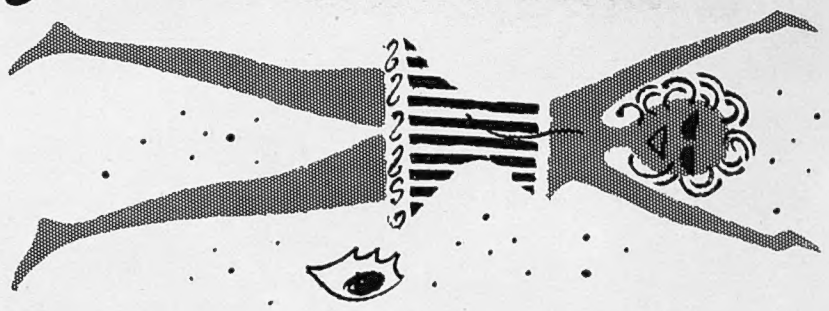
GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly
THE GOLDSMITHS &
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 · TELEPHONE · REGENT 3021

fly BEA to the Sun



fly BEA to the Snow

SUN-WORSHIPPER OR SNOW-FAN? Whichever you are there's tremendous scope for you in Europe these autumn days. All down the Mediterranean way the sun will be working overtime. All round the mountains the snow will be lying sparkling white. Everything is so inviting, you'll feel you cannot get there fast enough. So don't waste a moment en route; fly there in all the comfort of a BEA Viscount or Elizabethan. That way you reach the sun or snow in a few hours. You can be in Barcelona, for example, in 3 hrs. 20 mins., at a tourist return fare of £38.9.0. Ask your Travel Agent for the folders that give full information on resorts, routes and fares. Or consult your nearest BEA office, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. GERrard 9833.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Searching for peace and quiet on your autumn travels? Browse through the BEA booklets and folders. Ask your Travel Agent for these and full details of cheaper inclusive holidays.

BEA
fly BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Volume CCXXII No. 2902

The SPHERE, London, September 24, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE BRIDE OF VENICE AND HER FATHER—FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG BEFORE HER WEDDING THIS WEEK : Prince Tassilo Fürstenberg, who is fifty-two, is seen with his young daughter at his country home near Venice, the Villa Marocco. At one of the most splendid wedding ceremonies of the year Princess Ira was to marry, last Wednesday, Prince Alfonso Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who is sixteen years her senior. The Princess's mother and the bridegroom are both connected with the motor industry.

For the second time this year Europe's nobility and dethroned Royalty has had an opportunity of forgathering at a wedding of exceptional brilliance. The bridegroom this week was to be Prince Alfonso Maximilian Hohenlohe-Langenburg, the eldest son of Prince Maximilian Egon Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and his Spanish wife, formerly Marquesa de Belvis de las Navas. The bride was Princess Ira Virginia, fifteen-year-old daughter of Prince Tassilo Fürstenberg and his Italian wife, formerly Clara Agnelli. The princess is universally admired for a beauty, poise and personality far beyond her years. Her education included a course at a London finishing school.

The families of bride and bridegroom have something in common other than their membership of German Royal houses—motor-cars. The mother of Princess Ira is a member of the family which has built up the great Fiat empire in Milan. Prince Alfonso, who is thirty-one, is a very successful salesman of German Volkswagen in Mexico and the United States. It is ironical that, under Italian law, Princess Ira is old enough to marry but too young to drive a motor-car. It is even odder that the wedding should be held in the one city which the motor-car has failed to conquer—in Venice, where the gondola still reigns supreme. (A picture of the couple appears on page 457.)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

GALLAND COMES TO LONDON

HERR ADOLF GALLAND AND HIS WIFE, SEEN DURING THEIR VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: The forty-three-year-old German Luftwaffe ace pilot came to this country to see the Farnborough Air Display. Galland is at present a business man, specialising in machinery exports, and was at one time widely rumoured to be the leader-elect of the new German Luftwaffe. His appointment is unlikely. Galland's book, *The First and the Last*, telling of his experiences in the Luftwaffe, was published this year.

A CRICKETING OCCASION

THE DISTRIBUTION OF AWARDS TO COUNTY CRICKETERS IN LONDON: John Langridge (Sussex) receives his award from Anna Neagle during the presentation ceremony at the Savoy Hotel. Langridge, who has now retired from County cricket, gained his award for the highest number of catches (sixty-nine) over the season. Altogether five "County" cricket cups and cheques of 100 gns. each for the leading performances of the season were presented.

TALKING THEATRE

THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE HOLD THEIR ANNUAL LONDON THEATRE WEEK: Yvonne Arnaud talks with other speakers before the start of one of the discussions entitled "The French Theatre To-day" during the conference at Whitelands College, Putney. From right are Henri Lelarge; E. Martin-Browne, Director of the British Drama League, and George Devine. At this year's meeting, which was also combined with the Standing Conference of Drama Associations, many prominent theatrical personalities attended to take part in discussions on various aspects of the contemporary theatre in this country and overseas.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Ordered South.—I am fond of Scotland, though the more content to return to harness and the South when its rivers are unfishable and its grouse undiscoverable. And, anyway, as we grow old, even the impatient develop a mild philosophy which enables us to call quits to pleasures which are past and without regret to resume interest in the present. So I took the road South without depression of spirit, and soon enough was across the Border, beyond the twin Eildon Hills and into old England. And after the dreary, dreadful passage of A.1 between Scotch Corner and Doncaster, there is an autumn charm about the Dukeries, and the Midlands and their roads are factually (and not literally) A.1. And on to the warmer shires of the South, a little stuffier perhaps, a little tamer, a trifle more sophisticated than the North. And so home. . . . A crop of letters and unopened newspapers on the table in the hall (rather stuffy and airless), through to one's sitting-room, with its rows of books, rather dusty old friends, a view from the window of a brown lawn with a border still showing some colour in Michaelmas daisies, golden rod and dahlias and the South Downs beyond, still dimpling and green, and not so inferior, after all, to the Ochils. Snug perhaps, stuffy no doubt, and a lot of work to be put in hand. But Scotland was for once stuffy enough, and the hours can pass slowly when fishing-rods and guns are ruled out; and where one's work lies, there lies the recipe for contentment and the cure of boredom. I resume my mild harness in a mood of philosophy.

National Service.—The slashing of National Service is very much in the minds of trade union leaders, the Opposition and the Government. That it has been on the agenda in recent Cabinet meetings may be taken for granted, and if the *pros* have strengthened, the *cons* remain formidable. The Iron Curtain countries have initiated gestures of reduction in armed personnel. It is reasonable to argue that Britain should respond to these pacific gestures and back its faith in reduced tension. On the other hand, our available forces are negligible in comparison with many great Powers. We are militarily still in the position of having practically no reserve for home defence and hardly enough to supply our garrisons abroad and meet the constant emergencies. Apart from this vital military aspect, the arguments for a reduction in the length of National Service are very strong. The cost is fabulous and its reduction the chief hope of our weathering the economic crisis. There are hundreds of thousands of jobs which cry out for these very young men to fill them, in the industries on which so much depends. And while they "waste their time and kick their heels" (for "soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer"), countries like Germany, which our boys are being trained to defend, are stealing our markets and putting every available young man into the job. The soldier sees the speciousness of this argument. I shall be surprised if, when Parliament meets at any rate, we do not have news of a reduction in the military service period or a considerable concession in call-up.

A HOME OFFICE HELICOPTER

THE CIVIL DEFENCE'S FIRST HELICOPTER WHICH IS ON CHARTER FROM B.E.A.: The aircraft is seen about to land at the South Bank site, where it was met by the Home Secretary, Major Lloyd George, who later made a short flight in it. The helicopter will be used for experimental and communications work by the Civil Defence Organisation, and the Home Secretary has said that the main usefulness of the aircraft would be that it would enable a detailed reconnaissance of all Civil Defence regions in Britain to be made.

Cyprus.—It is perhaps too soon to say that the Cyprus conference completely failed. It is not too soon to say that the short-term compromise proposed by Mr. Macmillan cannot be effective. Granting the patience and tact (so necessary where the parties hold totally divergent views) which the Foreign Secretary showed, his proposal was an admission that a settlement at the present time is impossible. We are familiar with these conferences held to relieve sharp nationalistic demands which end in the granting of a measure of self-government, with a promise of more. In Cyprus the familiar pattern was varied. The most adamant party among the Cypriots demand union with Greece, rather than self-determination. The British cannot contemplate parting with the military and political administration of the island on which the entire defence of the Eastern Mediterranean area depends to-day. The Turks are quite conclusive that the Cypriots are unfit for self-government and equally conclusive that union with Greece would cost the benefit of Turkey's alliance with Greece. I doubt if the British Government's private view is in any respect different from that of Turkey. Mr. Macmillan's tact was directed to making it appear a little more flattering to Cypriot aspirations. Union with Greece must be postponed to the Greek Kalends. Meanwhile, a measure of self-government (reserving the vital matters of government to Britain) might be gradually conceded, and if the Cypriots show steadiness and promise, increased from time to time. But since neither Athens nor Enosis asked for this concession but something entirely different and impossible, it is difficult to see how Mr. Macmillan's compromise can relieve the tension, take any wind out of the Archbishop's billowing sails or bring even a patched and temporary peace to the island. Our recent military precautions in the island, which drain our reserves, confirm that opinion.

Science for the Few.—I usually study at leisure the lectures given by the British Association at its annual conferences. They cover every subject under the sun and are too high for me. They ranged this year from "how to read and remember 470 words a minute" to weather control and rain-making, the change in the meaning of common words, the social effects of rehousing and longer trips to work, and the protoplasm's part in the origin of life. I find when I study these reports that I have not yet graduated as "a reader and rememberer of 470 words a minute." With simpler subjects I have prided myself on ability to tear the heart out of a novel or biography at an even quicker rate and to write a review of the book red-hot. But next day I had clean forgotten names, plot and details. When I come to read reports on scientific subjects, I need all the aids to quicker reading which the lecturer prescribed:—A series of training films to widen my eye-span and reduce my "fixations" and to eliminate my habit of retrogression (which merely means going back to read again because you haven't understood what you read). For children below the age of thirteen, emphasis on speed in reading is not recommended, and for my part I should advise them not to be afraid of *saying* the words they read. I should be a much better critic and conversationalist of classic novels if I had ever delayed in reading to pronounce the names of the characters. In default of pronunciation, my retention of their names depends only on the eye, and mine is very unobservant. When the reading matter is abstruse and expressed in scientific jargon, my reading is merely a waste of time and not even useful for the day's crossword puzzle.

The Mysteries of Stonehenge.—We are often reminded that digging up the past is a form of scientific and historical research still in its infancy, and the latest lecture on the subject of Stonehenge, by Mr. Atkinson, of Edinburgh University, confirms it. Most of us when we visit Stonehenge do no more than marvel by what feats of engineering our primitive ancestors of 1500 B.C. raised those vast monoliths one on another. The trained archæologist looks deeper and closer. To his eye, Stonehenge is a vast cathedral, raised, added to, rebuilt, century after century, to glorify new ideals and to meet the needs of new times and manners of thought, as was any other cathedral. He assumes that the builders were the industrial aristocracy of Wessex, grown rich on trade in Irish precious metal products with the Mediterranean countries. He sees in the extraordinary sophistication of the structure, refinements of civilisation far beyond our then native culture, and points out that recent examination of the Sarsen stones has revealed carvings of axehead and dagger, types known to have been exported from Ireland and paralleled in reproduction in art in the shaft graves at Mycenæ. He suggests that these carvings might prove to be the sign-manual of the architect himself, whose genius is perhaps enshrined in the later British legend of Merlin.

Too Clever, by Half.—It is, I suppose, an old man's grouse that nothing proved effective is suffered to remain on the market. Competition forever

demands a new thing, a still more clever gadget. In the motor-car and haberdashery trades this habit distresses me most. I can never get a repeat of a useful article of clothing. It has always been improved out of recognition and, for me, out of convenience. And as for car gadgets, each time I acquire a new car (as an economy), I have to learn my way about it painfully. The controls which regulate the supply of cold or hot air to screen or the passengers' feet become comprehensible only to a senior wrangler ; the lighting system is complicated by pulls and pushes and sideways jerks. There has been a plea for the return of the old bulb-horn (if you must use a horn at all to warn the next county of your approach). I would certainly prefer it to the silver ring inside the steering-wheel, which invariably wakes the echoes at the least touch, as you painfully edge your way inside the streamlined strait-jacket to the driver's seat. So finely sensitive is this warning instrument that the retailer usually nullifies its nervous system by some operation before delivery to his customer. As for the ash-trays, hidden mirrors, spittoons, and other amenities, I would give them all for an inch more head-room and leg-room. Indeed, if the eternal urge to " improve " everything is good and effective salesmanship, it gets no response from me. In " shirtings " and shoes and cars, I ask for a repeat, not a new creation, and I believe that there are buyers much younger than I who feel the same way. Perhaps it is odd that we should wish to spend our money on articles *we* have proved to be useful, but it is a form of economy taught us in our youth.

To the Island ?—To be or not to be—an island. It is a question which will split the Isle of Wight before it joins it to the mainland. I lived there once before the days of universal tourism, and then I think a majority of the islanders were pro-bridgers, for sudden fogs can always upset train connections and long-made plans. Yet twice plans to tunnel under the Solent have been turned down for lack of financial support ; in 1900 and 1935. To-day the sudden fogs are still tiresome, summer and winter, and the charge for carrying cars on the ferries from either end is quite outrageously exorbitant. The bridge project, of course, has its base on the Hurst Castle foundation, the narrowest part of the Solent. I confess I thought the distance much more than three-quarters of a mile to Colwell Bay, and I don't know how high such a bridge must be to be clear of the larger vessels which pass along the Solent. I suppose the bridge would pay its way in summer, and probably increase the tourist influx. It is large enough on the east side of the island already, despite the handicaps and costs of the ferry. Somehow I don't think, whatever the inhabitants decide, either a tunnel or a Hurst Castle bridge will be built within twenty years.

Janet Marshall.—With the murderer of the Drummond family still alive, it is not unnatural that the French Police authorities should be vulnerable to criticism while the mystery of Janet Marshall's murder remains unsolved. But there is little in common in the foreign criticism about the two cases. The French Police have been exceedingly active from the moment Janet Marshall's body was found, have pulled in and questioned a number of suspects, and taken every step which the science of crime detection requires, and it may well be that inquiries in England are a necessary part in the solution. As for British criticism in the Drummond case, it has been directed rather against the French judicial system than against the *Sûreté*. The police put in an enormous amount of hard work and provided the courts with more than one potential murderer. If the courts could not find sufficient evidence to secure the carrying-out in reasonable time of the death sentence on any of them, that fact affords no ground for police criticism, and suggests parallels with our own impartial justice, which has so strong a bias in favour of the accused. And we may remember that in this country the number of unsolved murders of late years has been high. But there is always early criticism when a national of one country is done to death in another and the murderer is not pulled in quickly to expiate his crime. The latest theory on this mystery which I read suggested that perhaps Picquigny was not the scene of the crime but merely the dumping-ground of the victim's body. I remember the place well during the March retreat of 1918, when my regiment assembled there in an effort to turn itself back into cavalry after a brief spell as infantry, and the name still is connected in memory with the word " muddle."

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

KARIBA GORGE

The GREAT HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME on the ZAMBEZI RIVER

Described by Godfrey Harrison ; illustrated by Victor Coverley-Price

Also

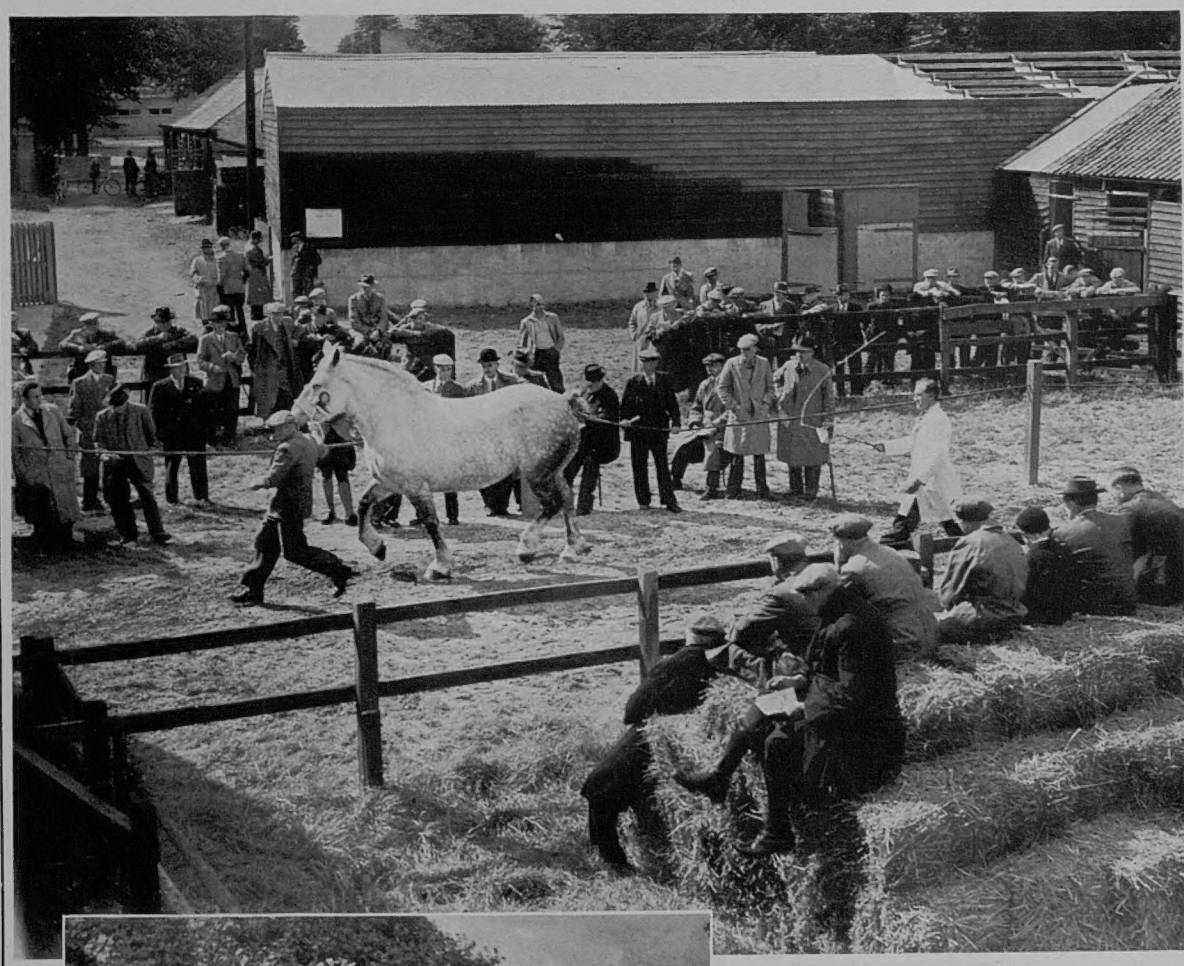
AN ARTIST IN BRITTANY

Sketches by Dennis Flanders, made during his visit this Summer

A BIG GATHERING FOR A SUSSEX SHEEP AUCTION

A LATE SUMMER OCCASION AT FINDON, IN SUSSEX : A general view of the sheep pens at Findon Great Fair with the South Downs in the background. The Fair, incorporating the annual Show and Sale of the Southdown Sheep Society, was held in the old fairground, and this year over 12,000 ewes and lambs and about 700 rams and ram lambs were put up for auction. Findon itself lies in a Down valley, west of Chanctonbury and Cissbury Ring.

THE BRITISH PERCHERON HORSE SOCIETY'S SHOW



THE CHAMPION MARE IN THE SALE RING : The pure-bred mare Penrhyn Sunrise, who won the Sir Harry Hague Challenge Cup as best pedigree mare, is led round the ring during the British Percheron Horse Society's Annual Show and Sale at Histon, near Cambridge. Penrhyn Sunrise was sold at Histon by Arthur S. Rickwood Ltd., of Chatteris, Cambridgeshire, for 96 gns. The best pedigree filly was Saltmarsh Quality, who was sold for 205 guineas.

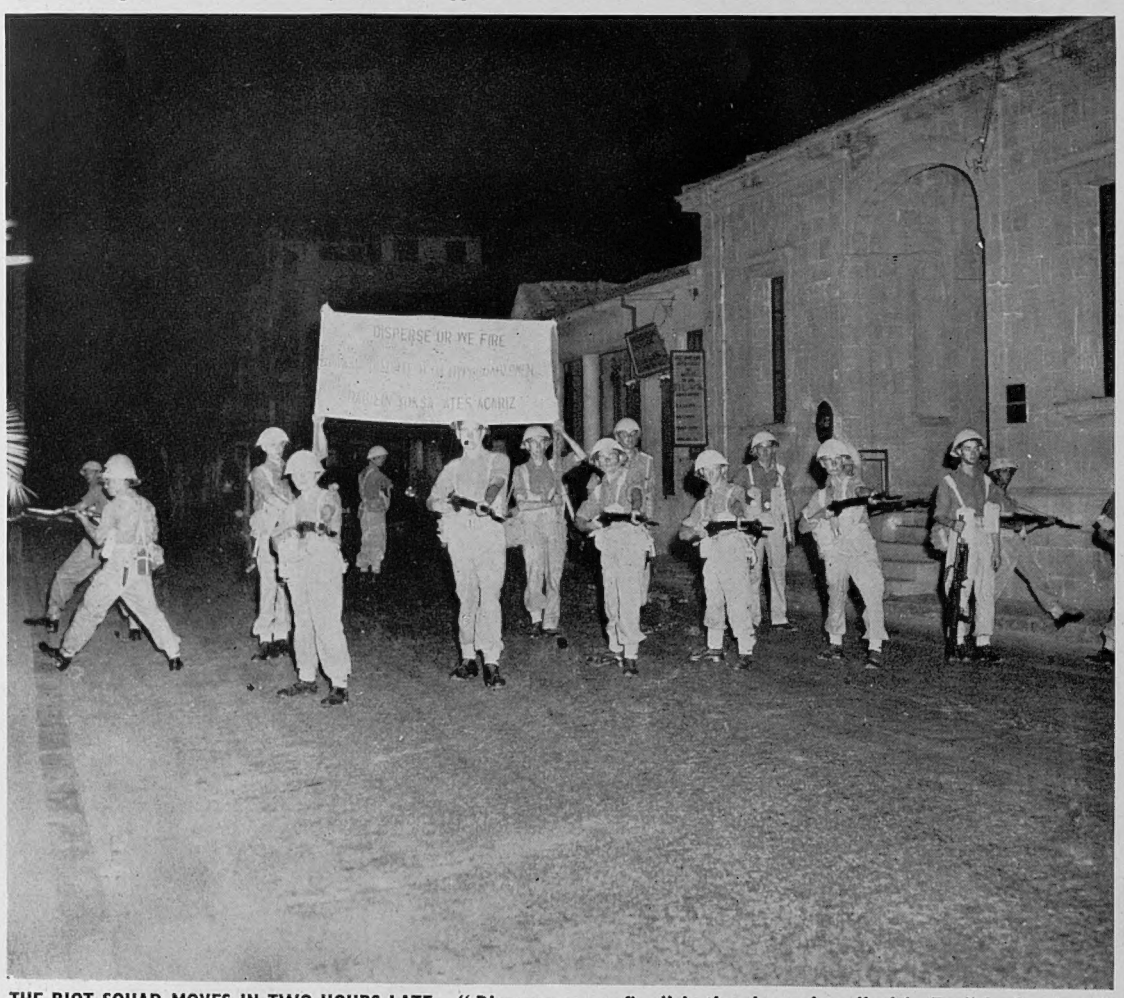
On left—

A CANTER FOR A PRIZEWINNER : Gelding Ginger, who won first prize in the Gelding Class at the Histon Sale, was sold by R. Garner, of Willingham, Cambridgeshire, for 90 gns.

AN UNNECESSARY RIOT—THE HUMILIATING BURNING OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTE IN NICOSIA, WHICH THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES DID NOTHING TO PREVENT : With their hands in their pockets passers-by quietly watch the burning of the British Institute on Nicosia's Metaxas Square, after hooligans and schoolboys had set fire to it. Not a policeman or soldier is in sight. Indeed, the riot squad did not appear on the scene until two hours after the demonstrations had begun. The crowd was cleared within a quarter of an hour, but by then the priceless library and the fine building in which it was housed were destroyed, and British prestige on Cyprus suffered one of its most severe set-backs. The Army's strict rules for coming to the aid of a civil power lay down that military forces must first be summoned by the civilian authorities. In this instance that summons did not come. Moves are now afoot to give the military authorities sole control on the island by declaring a state of emergency so that such humiliating incidents are not repeated.

A SHAMING RIOT IN CYPRUS

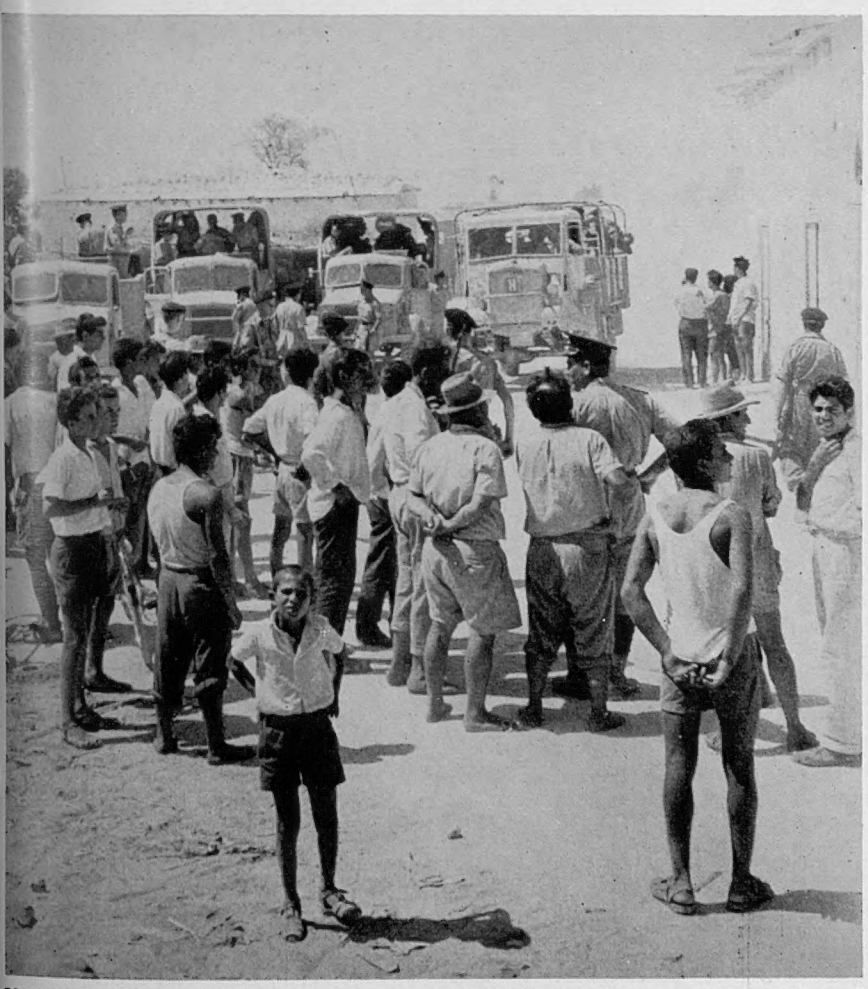
Hooligans are Allowed to Set Fire to the British Institute in Nicosia Unmolested by Police or Troops



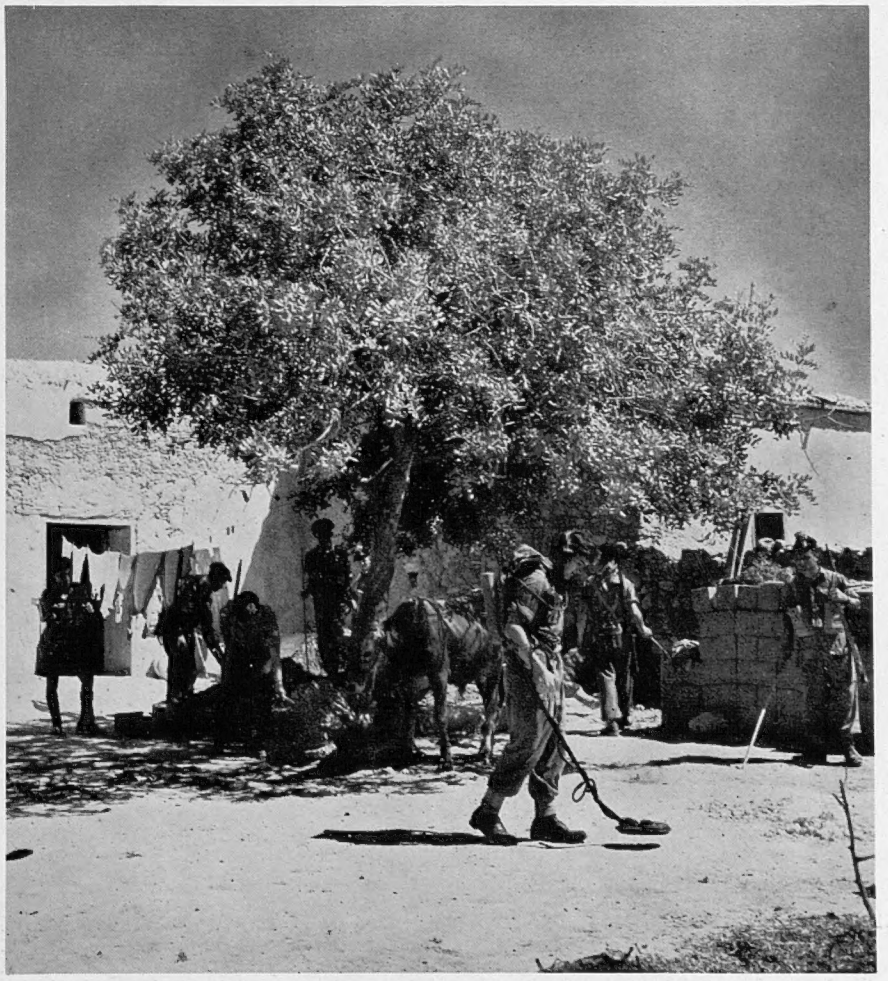
THE RIOT SQUAD MOVES IN TWO HOURS LATE : "Disperse or we fire" is the slogan inscribed in English, Greek and Turkish as men of the South Staffordshire Regiment move in against the hooligans in Metaxas Square. On the arrival of troops—on their own initiative—the crowds dispersed quickly after blank cartridges had been fired.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR A MILITARY POLICE VEHICLE : When the rioting began, a patrol of three military policemen arrived on the scene. The occupants were stoned and their vehicle burnt.

TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE : A fire engine stands hopefully outside the scattered ruins of the British Institute more than two hours after the building had been fired. On guard are members of the riot squad of the South Staffordshire Regiment. The riots began only after a crowd of schoolboys, demonstrating for a banned terrorist society, found that there were no police in Metaxas Square to stop them. They were joined by adult hooligans, and broke into the Institute, set light to it, and watched it burn, unmolested. No immediate explanation could be given for the lack of police action. It is reported that at the time of the riots many of the island's dignitaries, including the Governor and the Nicosia District Commissioner, were at a cocktail party six miles away.



COMMANDOS LEAD AN ANTI-TERRORIST RAID ON CYPRUS VILLAGES : In the square of one of the villages in the Famagusta area the local inhabitants gather as police interview suspects. Cordoning off the area are units of the newly-arrived Royal Marines.



A SUSPECTED TERRORIST HIDE-OUT : Men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers search the grounds of a Cypriot homestead on the suspicion that it is a headquarters for terrorists. In the foreground a mine detector is used to search for arms possibly buried there.

THE RISING IN THE ARGENTINE

BUENOS AIRES PREPARES ITS DEFENCES : *Left*—In an atmosphere of great tension citizens of the Argentine capital watch anti-aircraft defences being brought into position against threat of attack by planes of the forces which had risen against President Peron. *Right*—An anti-aircraft gun is at the ready in the Plaza del Mayo. The rising began in the south of the country and was supported by units of the army and navy and air force. The rebels threatened to bombard Buenos Aires from the sea and from the air unless President Peron resigned. According to one report the authorities in the capital countered this by declaring their city to be an open one. At the beginning of this week a strict censorship had been imposed and telephone communications cut with Buenos Aires. But both the Peronists and those opposing the President were claiming successes. However, there could be no doubt of the seriousness of the insurrection.

DOCKS ABLAZE IN THE UNITED STATES

FIRE RAGES IN THE HARBOUR OF JERSEY CITY : *Left*—Fire-floats and tugs fight the flames in the docks of Jersey City, on the other side of the Hudson River to New York. The sky-scrapers of Manhattan are seen in the background. *Right*—A flotilla of fire-fighting vessels surrounds a burning pier. In one of the docks a ship caught alight and was towed into midstream by tugs which put out the flames. During the fire many parts of Jersey City were covered in smoke. An inquiry was ordered into the cause of the outbreak.

COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF ARNHEM

CHILDREN TEND THE GRAVES OF BRITISH AIRBORNE SOLDIERS WHO DIED AT THE BATTLE OF ARNHEM ELEVEN YEARS AGO : The annual commemoration of those who died in the battle was held at Arnhem and Oosterbeek last week-end. The British party was led by Brigadier J. W. Hackett, who commanded the 4th Parachute Brigade, and the address at the service in the Arnhem cemetery was given by the Rev. J. Rowell, who was with the 1st Airborne Division. Towards the end of the service about 1,500 children placed flowers on each of the graves.

MR. BUTLER IN ISTANBUL

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ANSWERS QUESTIONS AT A PRESS CONFERENCE : He was in the Turkish capital to attend the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund. He had told the meeting that Britain does not contemplate an early move to make the pound sterling fully convertible into other currencies. British policy is to maintain the pound at its parity of 2.80 dollars. The Chancellor went on to say that " all discussions and rumours about impending changes of the parity or dealings margins for sterling are unrealistic and irrelevant." But he did declare that he believed in liberal trade policies and convertibility as an ultimate goal.

ONE OF THE THREE FATALITIES ON THE DUNDROD CIRCUIT : An Elva (on the left) has burst into flames after overturning and tearing upside down for 75 yards along the road during the thirty-fifth lap of the Ulster T.T. race last week-end. The driver, 24-year-old R. Mainwaring, of Sedlescombe, in Sussex, was dead before he was dragged clear of the flames.

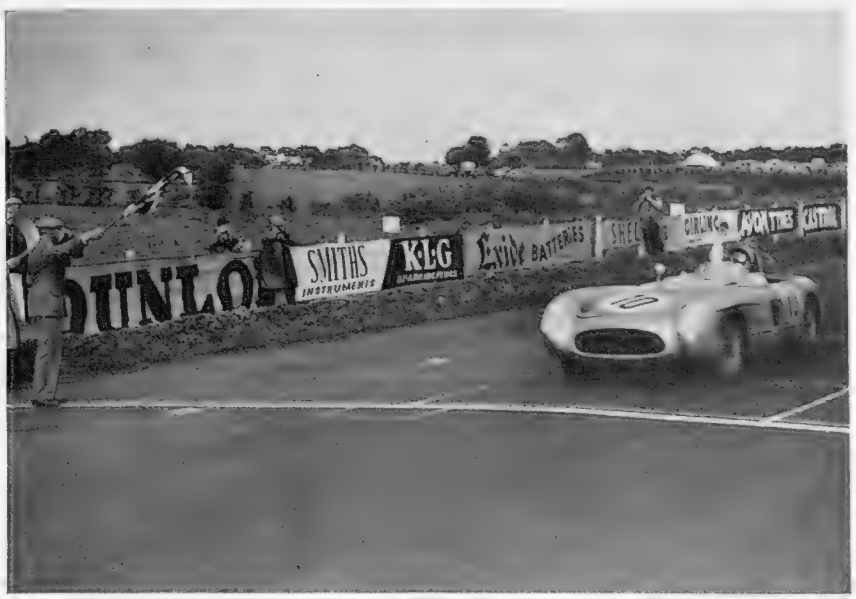
THREE KILLED IN ULSTER T.T.

Disastrous Accidents Mar the Contest for the International Trophy

The cars were coming to Deer's Leap on the second circuit of the Dundrod course when a Cooper, driven by J. C. C. Mayers, aged thirty-one, from Totteridge, London, appeared to hit an obstacle, broke into three parts and burst into flames. The driver could not be reached for some time and was dead when dragged clear. Behind the Cooper, twenty-year-old W. T. Smith, of Lincoln, was in a Connaught. He swerved to avoid the blazing petrol, struck the wreckage and was thrown out. He died fifteen minutes after being taken to hospital. Four other cars crashed in attempting to avoid the wreckage of the Cooper, and the driver of one of them, Ken Wharton, received burns. Then later in the race another disaster added to the toll of death. At Tornagrough, Richard Mainwaring, aged twenty-four, of Sedlescombe, Sussex, in an Elva, hit the bank and overturned. The car tore upside down for 75 yards along the road and then blazed with such violence that help could not reach Mainwaring before he was dead.

THE BLAZING WRECKAGE OF A FRAZER-NASH : Driven by Ken Wharton, who received burns to his face, it was one of the six cars involved in the crash in which two drivers, J. C. C. Mayers, a London Company director, and W. T. Smith, of Lincoln, were killed.

AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT : All that was left of the Cooper in which Mayers was killed lies strewn along the side of the Dundrod track. The car broke into three parts and burst into flames. Smith, coming behind, was killed in trying to avoid the blaze.



THE START AND THE FINISH OF THE RACE : *Left*—E. Lund in an M.G. comes to the front at the start of the Ulster T.T. *Right*—The winner of the 623-miles contest is a German Mercedes-Benz, driven by Britain's Stirling Moss, who averaged 88.32 m.p.h. His co-driver was the American, J. Fitch. Mercedes-Benz also gained second and third places. A British Aston-Martin was fourth. However, the contest was entirely overshadowed by the disasters in which three were killed. An inquiry is being held into the accidents.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

THE FAMOUS "FEW" ARE COMMEMORATED BY SERVICES AND DISPLAYS IN MANY PLACES

Last Saturday was the fifteenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, and the occasion was commemorated with services and displays in many parts of the country. At a service at Westminster Abbey the Queen was represented by Air Chief Marshal Sir John Baker, and on the way to the service, the Chief of Air Staff, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir W. Dickson, laid a wreath on the R.A.F. Memorial on the Embankment. Another service was held at Biggin Hill, one of the most important airfields during the battle, and this was attended by Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, who was A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command from 1936 to 1940. Pilots and relatives of those who fell during the battle were among the congregation.

On the Saturday, forty-six R.A.F. stations were opened to the public, who were given a chance to see some of the latest aircraft now in service or about to go in service with the R.A.F., as well as some of the every-day routine of the Air Force. Altogether, 1,300,000 people took advantage of this and attendances throughout the country were greater than last year. Earlier during the week there had been the annual fly-past over London, which was led by a Hawker Hurricane and a Supermarine Spitfire, the two aircraft which won the Battle of Britain. Behind these flew forty-eight Hawker Hunter jet fighters, twelve Hawker Sea Hawks of the Fleet Air Arm, and twelve Sabre jets of the United States Air Force. Later in the day a reunion party was held at Biggin Hill, which was attended by ninety-five of the pilots who fought in the Battle of Britain.

THE AIR FORCE AT HOME TO THE PUBLIC : A general view of the scene at Biggin Hill, in Kent, one of the forty-six airfields opened to the public in commemoration of the Battle of Britain. Overhead fly Hawker Hunters, while on the right is a balloon used for training parachutists. The attendance at Biggin Hill was 275,000.

On left—
A SERVICE COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN : A procession, headed by the Bishop of Willesden, proceeds to the Drumhead Service after unveiling a window commemorating the seven squadrons who fought from Biggin Hill during the Battle of Britain.

On right—
A PILOTS' REUNION: Group Captain John Cunningham, a Battle of Britain pilot and now a well-known test pilot, chats with Wing-Commander E. W. Wooten during a reunion at Biggin Hill.

WATCHING THE FLY-PAST FROM THE AIR MINISTRY ROOF : From left to right are Richard Tedder, son of Lord Tedder, next to him ; Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William Dickson, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Trenchard.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN SERVICE IN LONDON : Part of a parade on its way to a service at Westminster Abbey passes the Cenotaph as it proceeds through Whitehall. The parade, which contained contingents from the R.A.F., W.R.A.F., Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service, Royal Observer Corps, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, W.R.A.C., and the R.A.F. Association, was commanded by a pilot who flew in the Battle of Britain, Group Captain J. M. Thompson.

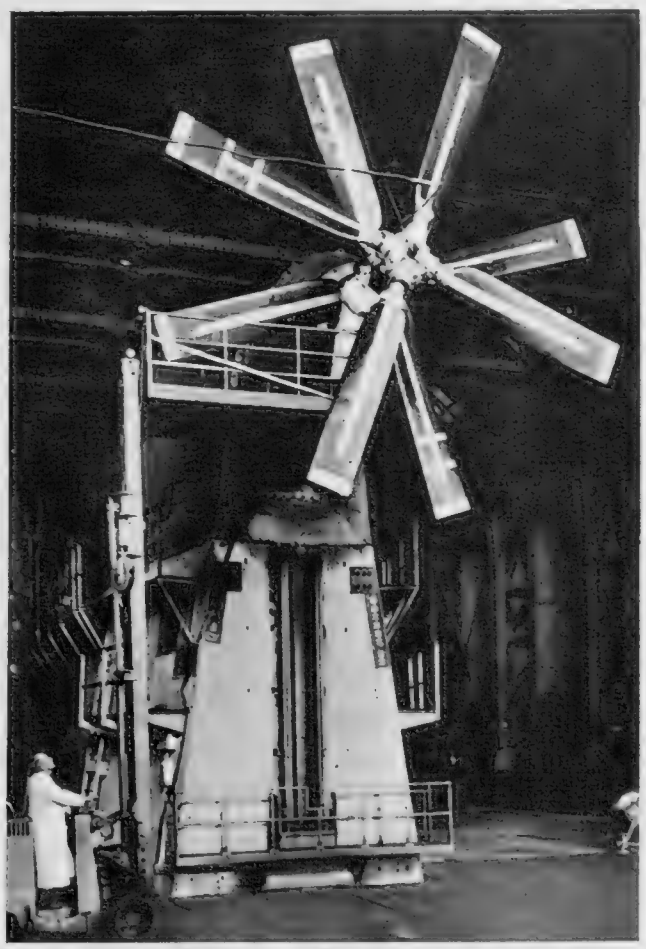
FASHIONS FOR AIRCRAFT—THE CONVAIR F 102 SUPERSONIC FIGHTER SHOWS OFF ITS SLIM WAIST : The picture *on the left* shows the F 102 as it was originally built, with a fuselage of parallel sides. *On the right* it is seen in its present form with a nipped-in waist. This modification reduces drag at high speeds.

That aircraft are as prone to the whims of fashion as women is illustrated in the two pictures above. But the change in the waistline of the F 102 has been brought about by something more tangible than whatever agency is responsible in the change of women's shapes. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics in America has just announced that tests have shown that aircraft with waistlines are able to fly at transonic speeds—between 600 and 800 m.p.h.—more easily and without the buffeting so often encountered by some other aircraft. The large degree of drag which usually builds up at the point where the trailing edge of the wings joins the fuselage is lessened, and the aircraft can therefore fly faster without extra power. Considerable aerodynamical trouble was encountered with the F 102 when it first flew, and the new waistline seems to have ironed out several difficulties.

FASHIONS IN FLIGHT

RECENT AVIATION DEVELOPMENTS IN THIS COUNTRY AND THE U.S.A.

A NEW BRITISH FORTY-SEAT HELICOPTER IS PLANNED : These two drawings of the helicopter which is now being designed by Westland Aircraft show how it could, if necessary, carry extra oversized freight slung below the fuselage. To be called the Westminster, the new helicopter will be designed to meet a variety of roles and will be powered by two gas-turbine engines. From the drawings it appears that these are mounted horizontally above and behind the flight-deck and will drive a single 5- or 6-bladed rotor. The cruising speed of the aircraft will be 195 m.p.h., and it will be able to carry over 10,000 lb. of payload if used as a freighter. Because of an agreement with the Sikorsky Company of America, Westland aircraft will have access to engineering developments made there and the advantage of using mechanical systems and design features already proved successful. This arrangement will cut down the time spent in development trials and will mean earlier and quicker production.



PROPELLERS ARE CHANGING THEIR SHAPE : This picture, taken in the Air Research and Development Command's propeller laboratory in Dayton, Ohio, shows a technician examining a strain gauge on a new Curtiss contra-rotating four-bladed propeller. The propeller is mounted on the new 30,000 h.p. test stand, believed to be the largest of its kind in the world. The test rig is nearly 70 ft. long and 28 ft. high, extends for 12 ft. below the floor, and enables scientists to conduct special tests to help in designing new propellers to absorb the extra power from gas-turbine engines. As engines become more powerful, propellers are fitted with larger blades.

The Foreign News in Pictures

MAN AND NATURE REBEL

Violence in Malta, Malaya and the Middle East; Floods in Pakistan; an Earthquake in Egypt; and Other Foreign News

Before the Anglo-Maltese Conference opened in a room in the House of Lords, in London, last Monday, the Maltese themselves had shown that they were strongly divided over the proposals to be discussed. The Maltese Labour Government, under its leader Mr. Mintoff, was voted into power on a policy of "Integration with Britain," which would mean, if accepted by Britain, that Malta has its Members in the House of Commons at Westminster. But Dr. Borg Olivier's Nationalist Party, who were defeated in the General Election of last February, are in favour of Dominion status for their island, on the lines of Ceylon. Before the departure for London of Mr. Mintoff and Dr. Borg Olivier, who is also taking part in the All-Party Conference, a great rally of Nationalists in Valetta broke up in disorder. It was intended as a demonstration against Integration, which the Nationalists term "absorption by Britain." However, when the first speaker, Dr. A. Paris, a former Minister of Education, called the Labour Party hecklers "imbeciles" and "Communists" and Prime Minister Mintoff a "clown," a minor riot ensued. A volley of stones clattered onto the platform and police had to intervene to restore order.

DISORDER IN MALTA: Police make arrests during a Nationalist Party meeting in Valetta. Behind the trucks people are sheltering from stones being thrown. On one truck is a placard protesting against the Maltese Government's proposals for integration with Britain.

On right—

A DARING AMBUSH BY BANDITS IN MALAYA: Some of the twenty-eight lorries which were ambushed, with 800 workers, at Rengam, in Johore. After ordering the workers to get off the trucks the bandits removed the tyres and set fire to the vehicles. This ambush was part of an offensive staged by the terrorists to coincide with the offer of a general amnesty.

POLICE IN ACTION: They are breaking up the Nationalists' "anti-integration" meeting by the shore at Valetta. Various Nationalist speakers were scheduled to speak against Maltese Government proposals now being discussed at the London Conference. But the meeting ended in disorder.

HOMAGE TO THEIR BELGIAN RULERS: The Governor-General of the Belgian Congo, M. Leo A. M. Petillon, sitting in the centre on the dais, receives the homage of the local tribes during a tour of inspection of the Lake Leopold II districts. Borne on their portable thrones by native porters, Bongo-Bosay, chief of the Olongo-Lule tribe, and Yenie, chief of the Gongo-Yembe, seen here richly arrayed in their ceremonial dress, appear before the Governor-General and other Belgian dignitaries representing Church and State.

PASSPORTS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES—MASS DOCUMENTATION IN WESTERN PROVINCE: Africans have their personal details recorded in the Reference Books with which each of the 2,000,000 natives in Western Province are being issued. In this special centre in Cape Town each African is photographed, the picture being developed in a minute. He must be able to produce his Reference Book on demand by police or employers. Europeans are also being photographed and issued with a personal identity card, which also must be produced on demand.

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS : An aerial view of the floodwaters of the great river inundating vast areas of the province of Sind, in western Pakistan. Because roads and telephone lines have been washed away, it is difficult even now to gauge fully the damage done by some of the worst floods for years. But already it is known that the cotton crop has been severely damaged.

On right—

EAST PAKISTAN IS ALSO INUNDATED : Business as usual was the motto in the bazaars of Dacca, capital of East Pakistan, where floods last month also caused widespread damage. In view of the catastrophic extent of floods since 1950, the Pakistan and Indian Governments are jointly investigating the problem.

On left—

A MARRIAGE ARRANGED FOR A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS : Princess Virginia Ira Fürstenberg and Prince Alfons Maximilian Hohenlohe-Langenburg, whose wedding in Venice was arranged for last Wednesday. The princess, who is fifteen, is the daughter of Prince Tassilo Fürstenberg and a granddaughter of the President of the Fiat automobile organisation. The prince is sixteen years her senior.

CATCH !—PERSONAL BELONGINGS ARE SAVED FROM A DAMAGED BUILDING AFTER THE EGYPTIAN EARTHQUAKE : Standing amid the rubble in a Cairo street a householder catches personal belongings which are thrown to him from his ruined house. More than twenty people are known to have lost their lives when severe earthquakes shook towns and villages in Egypt, among them the cities of Cairo and Alexandria. Panic swept through schools in Cairo, where eleven children were killed.

IN THE GAZA TRUCE AREA—THE EGYPTIAN POLICE STATION WHICH WAS WRECKED BY ISRAELI RAIDING PARTIES : Workmen clear the debris around the Khan Younis police station, one of the Egyptian installations destroyed by Israeli raiders in the fighting which broke out at the end of last month near the Gaza truce line. Both Egyptian and Israeli troops took part in extensive raids, some of the Egyptian forces penetrating as far as twenty miles into Israeli territory. Aircraft were also employed in the fighting by both sides. Mainly through the efforts of the chief of staff of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organisation, Major-General E. M. L. Burns, of Canada, a cease-fire was arranged. Later, at a special session of the Security Council of the United Nations, General Burns' efforts were endorsed, and, in a strongly worded statement, approved unanimously, both sides were ordered to desist from further acts of violence.

A COUNTRY DANCE: In the village hall of Aboyne, many wearing kilt or tartan, are guests dancing a country dance. The ball was held at the conclusion of the Aboyne Games, which, like the other Highland gathering at neighbouring Braemar, attracted a large crowd in splendid weather.

FROM ABOYNE CASTLE: The Marquess of Huntly, whose seat is at Aboyne Castle, marks the dance-card of Miss Susan Berry.

DANCING AT ABOYNE

A Ball is Held in the Deeside Village After the Annual Games

The games at Aboyne, with those of Braemar, mark the climax of the Deeside season. This year the weather was perfect for both gatherings, and at Aboyne there was a crowd of over 15,000. Indeed, extra parks had to be opened to accommodate the long lines of cars arriving. The programme followed its usual form, opening with the ceremonial raising of the standards of the Chieftain of the games, the Marquis of Huntly. For many the piping and dancing were the main attractions, although in the athletic events two new records were made. When the games were over, a ball was held in the village hall, 300 guests dancing beneath decorated walls.

BOOKING DANCES: Consulting their programmes during the ball at Aboyne are, from the left, Commander R. R. H. Boddy, R.N., Mrs. J. Humphrey, from Kincardine O'Neil, and Mr. Ian Lilburn.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR AT ABOYNE: Wearing a tiara is the Marchioness of Huntly. The village hall was decorated with banners and the arms of the patrons of the Games and around it marquees were erected for refreshments. A kilted piper played a welcome to the guests arriving at the door of the hall.

A GUEST FROM THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS: The Hon. Denis Berry and Mrs. Berry talk with the Brazilian Ambassador, His Excellency Senhor Samuel de Souza-Leao Gracie, on right.

THE ROYAL PARENTS PLAY WITH THEIR CHILDREN : The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne shout with delight as their father gives them a push to start their joint performance on the swing. The Queen looks on with the dog Candy. This picture and the others on this page were taken last month in the grounds of the Royal residence at Balmoral. The castle on the Deeside was built by Queen Victoria, for whom it was a favourite retreat. Her successors have generally followed the custom of staying there for the opening of the shooting season. This year the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have made some public appearances from there, notably at the Highland Games at Braemar, to which they took their children for the first time.

ROYAL HOLIDAY AT BALMORAL

Charming and Informal Pictures of the Queen and Her Family

EXERCISING THE PONIES : Prince Charles leads his pony William to his mother, and the Duke of Edinburgh pats Greensleeves, held by Princess Anne.

On left—

SUGAR AND CANDY : Princess Anne throws a ball for the Queen's corgi Sugar while the Duke of Edinburgh's dog Candy looks expectantly at Her Majesty.

On right—

FATHER AND SON : The Duke of Edinburgh plays with his dog Candy and the Duke of Cornwall stands watching their game during a walk in the grounds of Balmoral Castle.

THE BUILD-UP OF BRITISH TROOPS CONTINUES IN CYPRUS : Marines from No. 45 Commando disembark at Famagusta and assemble to move off by lorry. Almost as soon as they had arrived on the island, the new troops had to deal with demonstrations by Cypriot youths and other evidences of a hostile population.

COMMANDOS IN CYPRUS

Reinforcements Arrive to Help in Keeping the Peace in the Troubled Island

After the break-down of the Anglo-Greek-Turkish talks in London, the British forces in Cyprus were called upon to carry out their traditional role of keeping the peace. In view of disorders, and threats of further disorders, the British troops already on the island were considerably reinforced. Two Royal Marine Commandos and the Headquarters of 3rd Commando Brigade were among the first arrivals. Infantry units included battalions from the South Staffordshire Regiment and the Royal Scots—both from the Canal Zone—and the 1st Battalion, the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, were under orders to move from Khartoum. Little information was given about the actual deployment of troops on the island. So, in an atmosphere of political tension, the British Serviceman engaged upon the function of policeman-diplomatist, a duty in which he has so often proved himself in the past in many different parts of the world.

WELCOMED BY THE BAND : H.M.S. *Striker* comes into Famagusta. Although the Commandos on board had the task of restoring order to the island they were welcomed in traditional style by a military band.

THE EQUIPMENT AND THE MEN : *Left*—A lorry is driven ashore from the ship which had brought it from Malta. *Right*—No. 45 Commando, Royal Marines, line up before they are driven to their action stations. These men are only part of the reinforcements which have been sent to Cyprus because of the disorders. Besides 1,500 Commandos—the 40th and the 45th and the Headquarters Staff of the 3rd Commando Brigade—infantry battalions arrived on the island, among them the South Staffordshire Regiment and the Royal Scots.

BARBED WIRE IN THE STREETS : Men of the South Staffordshire Regiment are setting up road blocks near the Law Courts in Nicosia when a Greek was about to be tried on charges of alleged murder of a local constable.

On the right—

THE C.O. ISSUES HIS ORDERS : Lieut.-Colonel N. Tailyour, D.S.O., the Commanding Officer of No. 45 Commando, Royal Marines, gives instructions to Major D. De'ath, D.S.O., M.B.E., and Lieut. R. E. Maitland, regarding the dispositions of troops.

A CAMP IS ESTABLISHED : Marine Commandos set up camp beneath the towering cliffs above the pass of Aghirda. The Army authorities did not publish details of their deployment, apart from stating that reinforcements were engaged on security duties.

KEEPING THE PEACE : A crowd of Cypriots looks across the barbed wire at a guard from the 1st Battalion, the South Staffordshire Regiment, on duty outside the Law Courts at Nicosia. The occasion was the hearing of the case of the young Greek, Michael Karalis, who was charged with the murder of a Cypriot Police Constable, Herodotus Poullis. Another area of Cyprus in which British troops were concerned at this time was the port of Limassol, where prompt action by Commandos in support of police prevented a riot.

A THRIVING HEBRIDIAN INDUSTRY—SEAWEED HARVESTING AND PROCESSING ON SOUTH UIST : *Left*—Crofters loading sacks of seaweed for transit to the factory of Alginate Industries Ltd. at Orosay, North Boisdale, where it is dried and processed. *Right*—The seaweed is stacked at the factory before being laid on drying frames. During the past ten years the seaweed industry on South Uist has steadily expanded. Seaweed is processed for use in the manufacture of a wide variety of articles.

THERE IS WEALTH IN SEAWEED

This Home Industry for the Crofters on South Uist is Steadily Expanding

Seaweed now plays an important part in industry. Research work in recent years has led to the increased use of alginic acid, which is extracted from seaweed, in stabilising, emulsifying and thickening innumerable products ranging from foodstuffs and soaps to paints and textiles. It may even be used in atomic researches. After the extraction of the acid the weed is still useful for cattle-feeding. The alginate industry is now well established in Scotland and the current output is greater than ever before. And for the people of the Outer Hebrides, in particular, it provides a valuable means of livelihood.

On South Uist, storm centre of the Government's rocket range project, the seaweed industry is a thriving concern. Large quantities of seaweed are gathered by crofters for processing in the factory of Alginate Industries Ltd., at Orosay, North Boisdale. The weed is cut by sickle, sold for £1 a wet ton, and then transported to the factory where it is dried and milled into powder form worth about £20 a ton. The powder—one ton of which takes four wet tons—is then shipped from the island port of Lochboisdale to factories on the Ayrshire and Argyllshire coasts. There the alginic acid is extracted and packed for distribution and sale. The Orosay factory ships about 1,500 tons of powdered seaweed a year.

Since the war much valuable information has been gathered by the Institute of Seaweed Research at Inveresk, on the outskirts of Edinburgh. Almost all the Scottish seaweed resources have been surveyed from the air and from the sea, and more than 6,000 miles of coastline have been systematically surveyed and mapped. The Institute has also developed methods of mechanical harvesting and processes for the extraction of all the major constituents of the common seaweeds, and made considerable laboratory studies. It has recently been decided, however, that the Institute in its present form should be closed, and that the exploitation of seaweed resources be undertaken by industry rather than by a publicly financed Institute.

THE NEXT STAGE AFTER THE HARVESTING : Rockweed seaweed is laid on extensive frames to dry out at the factory at Orosay. This is the initial stage in the drying operations.

On left—

INSIDE THE FACTORY : The partially-dried seaweed is fed into drying kilns before being milled into powder form. While the factory on South Uist provides regular work for some fifty men, large numbers of crofter-fishermen are engaged in collecting the seaweed.

Below—

FOR USE IN THE SEAWEED INDUSTRY : The Institute of Seaweed Research vessel here seen lying in Girvan Harbour, Ayrshire, is fitted with an experimental underwater seaweed cutter. The Institute (at least in its present form) has been closed and the exploitation of the various Scottish seaweed resources is now being undertaken by private concerns.

BY COASTER TO THE MAINLAND : Bags of powdered seaweed are unloaded from the coaster *Glenshira* at Kames Bay, Loch Melfort, Argyllshire, for the Alginate Industries factory at Barcaldine. The factory at Orosay ships about 1,500 tons of powdered seaweed per year, much of which is sold for use as cattle food.

AMID THE SUSSEX DOWNLANDS: A view of part of the South Downs, looking north-east from Devil's Dyke. On the left is the village of Poynings, and on the right Newtimber Hill. The Downs are vigorously defended against the encroachments of agriculture and building.

ONE OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL TREASURES OF THE COUNTRY: Cissbury Ring, the site of an Iron Age city and a Roman camp, near Findon, Sussex. One of the campaigns of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England is against the ploughing-up of valuable archæological sites.

THE FIGHT TO SAVE RURAL ENGLAND

Thousands of Acres are Lost Each Year to the Building of Subtopias. As Rural England Shrinks, the Campaign to Preserve its Character Must Go On the Offensive

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE just finished reading the twenty-ninth annual report of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. It is a massive document of some sixty double-column pages: and that statement alone should be sufficient to give some indication of the scope of the work which now engages the attention of the Council. It is, in fact, concerned with every possible aspect of modern life as it affects rural England—from the control of advertisements to new mineral and water undertakings.

I have also been reading a recent number of the *Architectural Review*. This is really a special number, for the whole of it is devoted to one subject, which the editors call "Subtopia." Subtopia is the bastard issue of Suburb and Utopia, and means making an ideal of suburbia. "Visually speaking, the universalisation and idealisation of our town fringes: philosophically, the idealisation of the Little Man who lives there." The number deals, in a particular manner, with precisely that general problem which called into being the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. Everyone with any interest in his native land—and that surely should include every English man and woman—ought to read and ponder these two publications. And they ought to be read together, the one immediately after the other. For, though essentially they deal with the same problem, their approach and their temper are very different.

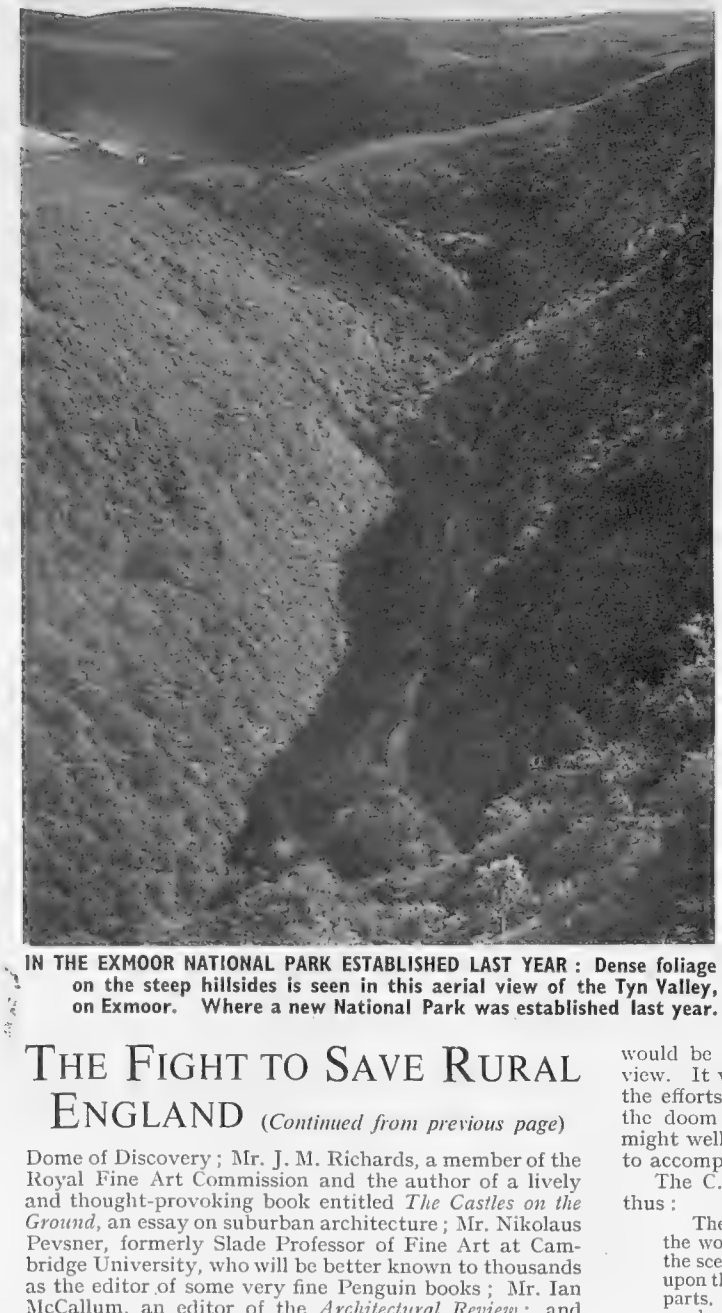
The Council for the Preservation of Rural England's annual report is, of course, a record of work done. In a sense, therefore, it is a record of achievement—though the Council would be the last body to maintain that it had achieved all it could wish or that it had not suffered some grievous disappointments during the course of the year under review—and it is, inevitably, at least moderately optimistic in tone. It is, in the nature of things, extremely difficult for an annual report to be anything else: people do not rush enthusiastically to the support of lost, or apparently lost, causes.

Free from any consideration of this sort, the editors of the *Architectural Review* present the problem in a sombre, indeed terribly sombre, light. Here also is a record of achievement. But it is the achievement of the enemy. And here also is an appraisal of the future. There is nothing optimistic about this forward look. It is frankly pessimistic. Indeed, many people—those with our national weakness for wishful-thinking well developed—may consider it too pessimistic to be true and so dismiss it as the mere idle chattering of scaremongers, intent on spreading gloom and despondency.

But this examination of Subtopia and its possibilities—nay probabilities—is the work of distinguished men of great experience. Five of them are architectural experts: Sir Hugh Casson, who gave us the

(*Continued on following pages*)

SELWORTHY, SOMERSET, WHERE PROTESTS WON A NOTABLE VICTORY LAST YEAR: The fine old parish church on the hill behind the village. *On left*—A view of Selworthy looking towards Dunkery Beacon,. This charming village belongs to the National Trust, but it was not until vigorous protests were lodged by the C.P.R.E. and the National Trust that permission was refused last year for building development at Crossacres near by.



IN THE EXMOOR NATIONAL PARK ESTABLISHED LAST YEAR: Dense foliage on the steep hillsides is seen in this aerial view of the Tyn Valley, on Exmoor. Where a new National Park was established last year.

THE FINE SWEEP OF THE MALVERN HILLS WHICH IS THREATENED BY QUARRYING: The view looking tords sted northerly point on the Malvern Hills. Below lies Malvern. Quarrying operations have now been decided that these operations should be restricted to ten years, and certain conditions with regar to b

THE FIGHT TO SAVE RURAL ENGLAND *(Continued from previous page)*

Dome of Discovery; Mr. J. M. Richards, a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission and the author of a lively and thought-provoking book entitled *The Castles on the Ground*, an essay on suburban architecture; Mr. Nikolaus Pevsner, formerly Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge University, who will be better known to thousands as the editor of some very fine Penguin books; Mr. Ian McCallum, an editor of the *Architectural Review*; and Mr. Ian Nairn, an assistant editor of the *Review*, who undertook the actual investigation. Nobody could call any one of these men a natural pessimist: their work, indeed, is proof to the contrary. Yet it is with these words that they open their examination of the problem:

> This issue is less of a warning than a prophecy of doom: the prophecy that if what is called development is allowed to multiply at the present rate—then by the end of the century Great Britain will consist of isolated oases of preserved monuments in a desert of wire, concrete roads, cosy plots and bungalows.
>
> There will be no real distinction between town and country.

Grim words: very grim words indeed. And they could, of course, be taken as a biting commentary on the nearly thirty years' work of the C.P.R.E. To do so would be to take a very unbalanced, a very ignorant, view. It would be nearer the truth to say that, but for the efforts of the C.P.R.E. in educating public opinion, the doom now prophesied for the end of the century might well be an accomplished fact or very much closer to accomplished fact.

The C.P.R.E. opens its twenty-ninth annual report thus:

> The scenery of England is composed of two parts, the works of man and the natural background; and the scenic heritage of the nation depends for its value upon the maintenance of due proportion between these parts. The spread of building and the increase of mechanical traffic, both in the air and on the ground, the ubiquitous transmission of electric power—soon to be reinforced by atomic power—and the requirements of radar and television, have emphasised the need for planning for the preservation and even for the restoration of the natural background. This applies to the whole country and not merely to those places designated as National Parks and Areas of great natural beauty.

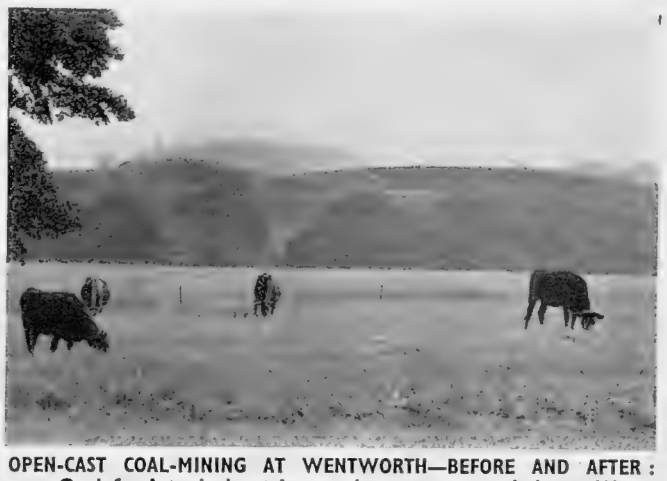
No one, surely, would quarrel with the substance of that opening paragraph. For all that, there is some over-simplification. It is, of course, true that the scenery of England is composed of two parts, the works of man and the natural background. But that is not the whole truth. The implication, so it seems to me, is that there is a natural background, and that, if that were left alone, it would always be there, separate from and far more beautiful than the works of man, a precious heritage to be preserved.

That is simply not so. Of course, there is some natural background—the high tops of the Scottish Highlands, the summits of the Welsh mountains, the cliffs of Pembrokeshire, that sort of thing—but relatively there is very little indeed. The scenery of Britain, as we know it to-day, has been largely, almost entirely, fashioned by man. The story of the British landscape as we see it to-day can be summed up in half-a-dozen words—axe, crook, chisel, billhook, scythe and plough. It has been the minor crafts within the major craft of agriculture that have moulded the British scene, that have fashioned the British landscape. British scenery is, almost wholly, the work of man.

It really is not very realistic to talk about planning for the restoration of the natural background. That would be quite impossible. Planning for the preservation of what we have left in the way of rural England—and we have less every year—is quite another matter. By all means let us preserve what we have left. But in what state do we wish to preserve it? This word "preservation" has, as the *Architectural Review* suggests, a monumental atmosphere about it. One preserves things in museums, in refrigerators, in mummy wrappings. One cannot do that with land. Throughout our history our scenery has been changing. There is no such thing as a permanent landscape.

IN AN IMPORTANT SECTION OF THE GREEN BELT: A farm at the foot of Box Hill, Surrey. Not far away, at Mickleham, permission was refused last year for building which, it was considered, would encroach on this important section of the Green Belt.

tords Worcester Beacon, the highest and most sted on the hills. After a public inquiry, it was arto blasting and emission of dust were attached.



OPEN-CAST COAL-MINING AT WENTWORTH—BEFORE AND AFTER: *On left*—A typical cutting on the open-cast coal site at Wentworth, Yorkshire, where mining is still going on, although now limited. *Above*—Land rehabilitated after open-cast working is used for grazing a year after mining operations.

NOSTELL PRIORY, YORKSHIRE, WHERE OPEN-CAST COAL WORKINGS ARE PROPOSED: The eighteenth-century mansion near Wakefield, which is now National Trust property. Prospecting for coal on the land immediately adjoining the Priory, and its eventual development as an open-cast mining site, is being opposed by the C.P.R.E. and the National Trust.

Land always goes forward or goes backward: it never stands still. That cannot be emphasised too strongly. The landscape photographs which illustrate this article are photographs of particular places at particular moments. If photographs were to be taken of exactly the same places, from exactly the same angles, at exactly the same time of day, a year hence, then every one would show some change.

Consider, for example, the Downland of England. The C.P.R.E. has very properly been much concerned at the very considerable damage done to archæological sites, and to sites in which the Nature Conservancy is interested, by farming activities. The Council has also been much concerned at the degree to which these activities have restricted the access which the public has hitherto enjoyed to the chalk downs of southern England. The "incalculable loss" to archæology caused by bulldozing and deep ploughing of ancient earthworks is stressed in the recent report of the Ancient Monuments Board for England to the Minister of Works. Ancient monuments, such as earthworks and barrows, can be preserved, and it is a shocking thing that, because of Government-sponsored or subsidised activities (as is often the case) and the ignorance or indifference, stupidity or cupidity, of certain farmers, they should not be. Even so, no small measure of blame must rest on the shoulders of the Minister of Works.

The restriction of access is another matter altogether. Here one wants to preserve the right of access to downland, particularly the South Downs. But it is no longer a question of the preservation of downland as downland—that is the preservation of the character of downland, its character as a "natural background." The long slopes of close, short turf and dwarf flowers have practically disappeared. There are long grasses now, and here and there (and steadily increasing) tor grass in yellow patches where once all was a fine rich green.

To restore what might be called the "natural background" (though, in fact, it was fashioned by man and his sheep) one would have to reintroduce the rabbit. Land does not stand still. In many places there is now no longer any question of preserving what generations of Englishmen have come to recognise as typical downland scenery. It is now a question of preserving open country and as much access to it as possible.

And really it seems to me that we have now reached the position where the maintenance of open country, rather than the preservation of scenery as such, is of paramount importance. That is not to say that the preservation (I wish that one could find a more suitable word) of scenery is not important. Of course, it is: and the C.P.R.E. has achieved many triumphs in the course of the year in this respect. New mineral and new water undertakings inevitably affect local scenery drastically (the latter, however, sometimes beneficially in the long run), and the C.P.R.E. has intervened many times with good results.

Particularly good work has been done in connection with afforestation, especially in negotiation with the Forestry Commission in the Lake District, and with smaller woodlands and copses not directly controlled by the Commission. Our national predilection for mutilating trees is noticed by the *Architectural Review*; "a sad, cruel little story, maiming trees in the interest of uniformity, making living things grow to rule for the sake of the rule."

Officialdom (and town councils in particular) has a passion for felling trees. We all know what has happened in parts of London recently. It is happening all over the country. The excuse usually given is that the trees are "dangerous." It would be interesting to have the figures for the number of people killed or maimed by falling trees or branches annually in the towns of Great Britain, and to compare them with the numbers killed on the roads of the same towns. The real reason, more often than not, I suspect, is that the timber can be sold. Trees are an integral and vital part of our scenery, and the Council's report makes it clear that it has done very valuable work in this direction.

A considerable amount of space is devoted in the report to various electricity undertakings, especially with regard to overhead transmission cables. In a few cases there has, following representations by the Council, been some re-routing. The ideal, of course, as the Council is constantly pointing out (particularly in

(*Concluded on following page*)

THE FIGHT TO SAVE RURAL ENGLAND

Above and *on left*— **EXTENDED QUARRYING AGAIN THREATENS THE AMENITIES OF BERRY HEAD : Two views of the picturesque headland and the surrounding coastline near Brixham, Devon. After a public inquiry it was admitted in 1949 that, because of the great natural beauty of Berry Head, quarrying for limestone should not be extended there, but permission for limited operations was granted. Now permission is sought for further quarrying.**

THE LAKE DISTRICT, WHERE THE COUNCIL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF RURAL ENGLAND HAS BEEN AT ITS MOST ACTIVE : A party of riders lead their horses over the Sty Head Pass on their way to Seascale. In the background is the Borrowdale Valley, leading to Keswick. Through the efforts of the C.P.R.E. an increasing number of roads and footpaths have been established in the Lake District recently.

On left—

AFFORESTATION IN THE LAKE DISTRICT—THE SUBJECT OF A NEW AGREEMENT : Fir-trees dominate the scenery around Tarn Hows, on the Monk Coniston Estate. The C.P.R.E. and the Forestry Commission agreed at the end of last year on an amendment to their agreement of 1936 which will enable the Commission to acquire still more land for afforestation in the Lake District while still preserving the beauty and the characteristic landscape of the countryside

(*Concluded from previous page*)

relation to recognised beauty spots and the National Parks), is for the electricity to be carried by underground cable. But this is naturally a good deal more expensive.

There is a very intricate problem here. There can be no doubt that overhead cables do interfere with amenity. (At least to begin with : I am not sure that the effect is as lasting as one imagines it will be at first ; after a while, save in certain places, one becomes so accustomed that one no longer notices.) There is equally no doubt that the extra cost of the underground cable is, in the long run, borne by an already overburdened public.

No doubt one should as a matter of principle fight for the underground cable. But I have not the slightest doubt that the vast majority of countrymen just want the electricity, and do not mind in the least if it comes by overhead cable. Moreover, the sooner they get the electricity, the better. The average countryman does not care a hoot about scenic beauty. He puts utility first. A lot of this interference with scenic amenity is inevitable. Television will spread and one day almost every house and cottage in the country will have its aerial, and there will be many more television masts about as well. And no one is going to take very kindly to anybody who tries to prevent this on amenity grounds.

The plain fact is that the " preservation " fight becomes harder and harder to wage successfully with each passing year. One has only to study the annual reports of the C.P.R.E. over the course of its lifetime to realise that it has been fighting a rearguard action for twenty-nine years : a very gallant rearguard action, with some noteworthy counter-attacks, but nevertheless a rearguard action. The proof of this, if any be needed, lies in the *Architectural Review*. Such a prophecy of doom would not have been thought of thirty years ago : indeed, was not thought of.

The fight now is not really for the preservation of scenic amenity : it is now, in very truth, the fight for the preservation of *rural* England. Rural England is shrinking at an alarming rate. Many thousands of acres are lost to agriculture every year, building spreads out in every direction—we have even had the nonsense of " new towns " and the farce of the London County Council looking for a site near Ringwood, on the edge of the New Forest.

It may be said that this is inevitable : as our complex industrial system grows and our population increases, the towns must spread. If that is really so, then the prophecy of doom will become a fact well within the next forty years. In fact, of course, the more complex our industry and the greater our population, the more compact our towns should be and the greater the area of our countryside.

But that will have to be fought for. Obviously, everything possible must be done to protect beauty and to banish ugliness—the sort of ugliness that comes when a canal is neglected by the public body in whose care it is, the ugliness of litter, and so forth. It is a good thing to restrict excessive crowding of caravan sites, and so to stop the growth of something that can easily become a holiday slum. It is a good thing to fight against the building of houses when that building will ruin such a notable beauty spot as Lamorna. All these things must be fought, as the C.P.R.E. has fought them.

But the major battle is for ordinary rural England, farming England. With every acre lost in Hampshire or Hertfordshire, around Birmingham or Manchester, with every new town, new building estate, new suburb, the chances for Lamorna shrink. It is the ordinary rural England, not the England of the National Parks or the glorious vistas, that is vitally important now. It is beautiful, too : one tends to lose sight of the fact in concentrating on the out-of-the-way vista.

The C.P.R.E. has done magnificent work for nearly thirty years. It did magnificent work last year. But as the whole chain of events has shown, it has been fighting rearguard actions. If rural England is to be saved an offensive must be staged.

THE BARREN AND FORBIDDING CLIFFS OF ROCKY HELIGOLAND HAVE BECOME A SYMBOL OF TAX-FREE HOLIDAYS FOR THOUSANDS OF NORTH GERMAN DAY TRIPPERS: One of the chief attractions of Heligoland, which is being developed as a holiday resort, is that there is no duty or tax on goods bought there. Day trippers are allowed to leave the island with a certain quantity of these tax-free goods. The journey from Hamburg in the new 2,500-ton *Wappen von Hamburg* takes seven hours and the ship carries 1,600 passengers. Reconstruction of the bomb-shattered island, including harbour installations, will cost about £7,000,000.

HELIGOLAND BECOMES A HOLIDAY RESORT

One of the Attractions of the Bomb-shattered Island is Its Freedom from Taxes

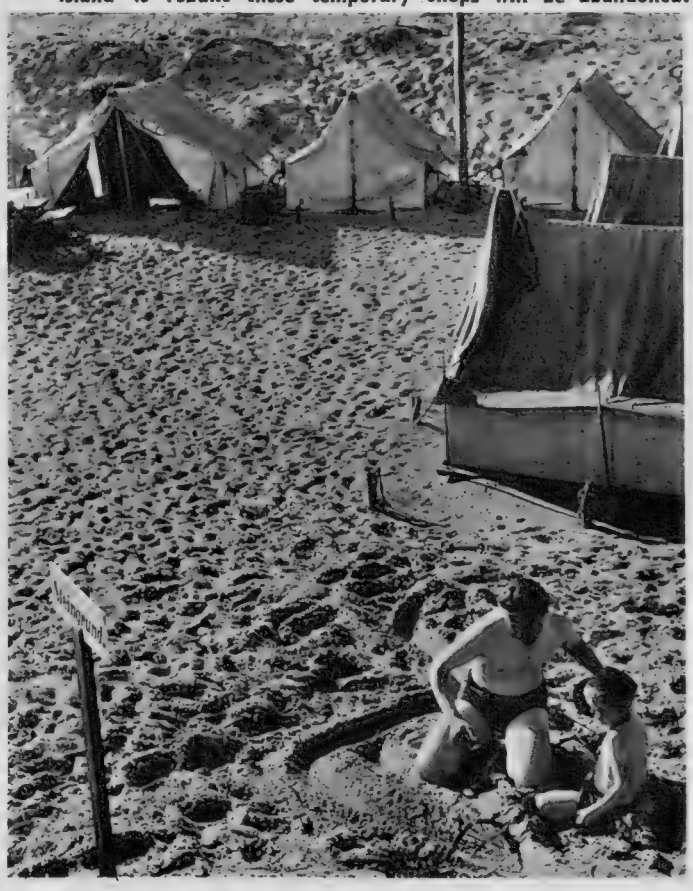
The tiny North Sea islet of Heligoland, which lies some 43 miles from the mouth of the River Elbe, is now said to be enjoying a tourist boom of unprecedented proportions. This is largely due to the fact that as Heligoland is outside the German Customs area, it is once again a tax-free paradise for shoppers. Some measure of the newly-restored popularity of the bomb-shattered island is to be found in the fact that the first passenger ship to be built in Germany since the end of the war, the 2,500-ton *Wappen von Hamburg*, is being used to transport 1,600 holidaymakers per trip between Hamburg and Heligoland. The journey takes just about seven hours. Although there is a suitable landing-quay at the island, passengers are taken off in small boats and set down on an extensive sandbank which lies just off the island below the rocky cliffs. At week-ends when construction work is not in progress small motorboats take tourists direct to the island's landing-stage.

On landing at the sandbank the visitor finds a temporary hotel, restaurant and a street of temporary shops. As day trippers to Heligoland have only about 3½ hours ashore, it may be said that most of this time is spent in the shopping centre, where the shops offer such tax-free goods as whisky at about 19s. a bottle; English cigarettes at about 2s. 4d. a packet; silk scarves from Japan, and dozens of other items which are appreciably cheaper than on the mainland of Germany. However, only limited quantities of these things may be taken off the island and landed in Germany without the duty being paid. If there is any time left after the shopping expedition the visitor can pass the time on the beach or bathe in the sea off the sandbank. Those who remain behind for a holiday usually camp out in tents erected among the sand-dunes.

All facilities on the island, including its former fortress built by Hitler, were extensively damaged by air raids in 1945 and by the explosion of 7,000 tons of munitions after the war. Subsequent use of Heligoland as a bombing range completed the work of destruction. It is estimated that the reconstruction of the island, including the rebuilding of the harbour and sea walls, will cost at least £7,000,000. The rebuilding is now under way and the houses which are going up are of special design, as they have to take the full force of the high winds which sometimes lash the Bay of Heligoland. They are also designed to take advantage of the maximum amount of sunshine. Permanent hotels and shops will eventually replace the temporary structures.

Before the war Heligoland was popular with hay-fever sufferers, for it is almost entirely free from the dusts and pollens to which they are allergic. Its economy in those days was largely dependent on lobster fishing, but this, too, suffered badly by the widespread destruction.

PART OF THE TEMPORARY SHOPPING CENTRE: Visitors are seen by the temporary tiny shops which offer goods at tax-free prices. Day trippers from Hamburg have to make a hurried survey of the shops as they have only 3½ hours ashore. When the island is rebuilt these temporary shops will be abandoned.

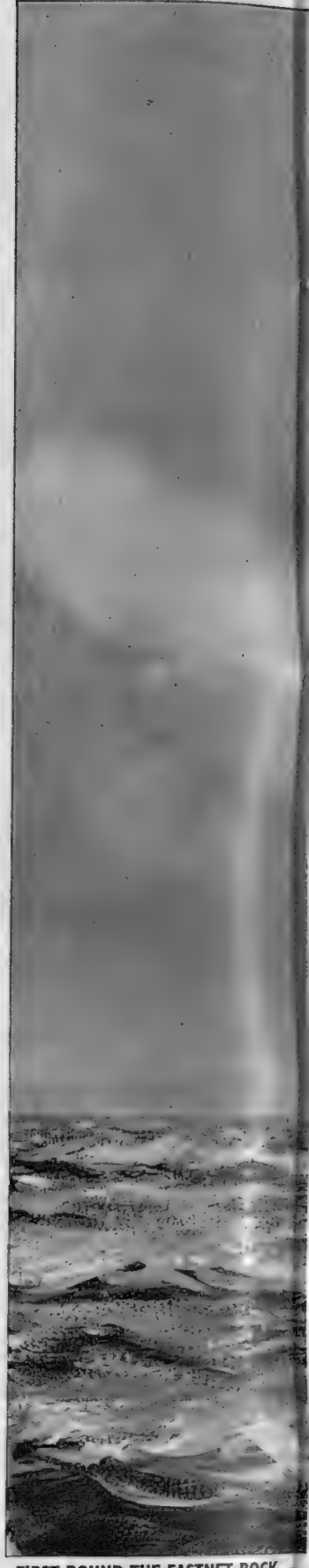


ACCOMMODATION AND OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENT ON THE ISLAND: *Left*—New houses of special construction are going up to replace those destroyed during and after the war. *Right*—Passing the time on the beach. Although there is no permanent hotel building on the sandbank, many holidaymakers live in tents among the dunes. Some of the tents are seen in the picture.

NEW YACHTS IN AN INTERNATIONAL RACE OFF COWES: The start of a race during the 505 Championship races held at the end of the season. Vessels from America, France and Ireland came to compete against Britain. Although new, this is one of the classes which is growing rapidly. A 505 came third to a 19-ft. catamaran and an 18-ft. Jolly boat in the speed trials held at Cowes.

A WELL-TRIED CHAMPION IN FULL CRY: The Hon. Mrs. R. Pitt-Rivers' *Foxhound* roaring along with her mainsail and spinnaker set to perfection. The cutter was placed second in Class I of the Fastnet.

A NEW CHAMPION IN ACTION: Colonel R. S. G. Perry's *Vision* is seen close-hauled. This was undoubtedly the season's outstanding 5.5-metre; Colonel Perry has been selected for the Olympic Games.



FIRST ROUND THE FASTNET ROCK—yawl, which is owned by spinnaker are all set. *Mare*

The Yachting Year

END OF THE SEASON REFLECTIONS

By UFFA FOX

WITH A SPECIAL PAINTING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEKEN OF COWES

THE 1955 sailing season will live in our minds as one of the loveliest. All round the British Isles more yachts, and particularly smaller yachts, raced in the regattas of the four Home Countries than I can ever remember. And they sailed in weather conditions which were perfect.

As the Second World War recedes further and further into memory the conditions of life improve. Wild animals fight in order to live and to eat, but civilised people need rather more than this. So it is that, as we leave the memory of the war behind, we are confronted with greater opportunities for living gracefully and enjoying life. And since one of the most pleasant forms of enjoyment is sailing the seas, and as an ever-increasing number of people is coming to realise this, a greater number of small yachts is being built every year.

The weather during this season gave nothing but joy to those at sea. The conditions were, of course, dreadful for the land, as the drought dried up the rivers and closed the Crinan Canal. But for those at sea the weather held only lovely warm days and, as the winds were never cold, soft, balmy nights as well.

We in the British Isles live in a high latitude, where the prevailing wind is westerly. This wind sweeps across the broad Atlantic Ocean, unhampered and untrammelled, gathers moisture on its way, and, when it strikes the west coasts of Ireland, England and Scotland, begins to shed its moisture as the hills drive the clouds higher.

Generally, during our summers we endure a great deal of rain, but this year was a notable exception. What happened was that the wind went into the north-east early in the summer and stayed there right the way through. Even during August, when the west monsoon should have been reigning with might and majesty, we continued to have this gentle north-east breeze with comforting sunshine on the sea. In fact, it was not until September 2 that we put a reef for a strong south-wester in my 20-ton cutter *Fresh Breeze*.

The tireless organising committees were able to match both the number of yachts and the weather. The Royal Yachting Regatta Association arranged no fewer than 327 regattas for all classes round our coasts. The Royal Ocean Racing Club held eleven long-distance races. And, in addition to all these, were the races and Championship Weeks for all centreboard classes—International 14-footers, Fireflies, Hornets, etc.

The highlights of the season were the British–American Cup Races for the 6-metres, the race for the Old and New World Cup between the 6-metres of all nations, and the transatlantic and the Fastnet Races for the cruisers. The first of these was the 3,450-mile transatlantic race from Newport, Rhode Island, to Marstrand, in Sweden.

The object of this race was to take yachtsmen to Sweden, so that they could attend the celebrations of the 125th anniversary of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club at Sandhamn, near Stockholm. Twenty-five years ago I went to the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's centenary celebrations, and I still have a lovely silver vase presented to me for a race on Kanholms Fjord. The Club's regatta always brings to a close the Sandhamn Week, and this year, just as on that last day twenty-five years ago, there was a strong, sparkling wind for the helmsmen. It is a great merit of sailing that, besides the enjoyment of the present, we can derive a great deal of pleasure from the memories brought back by earlier races.

After Sandhamn Week the transatlantic ocean racers made their way to British waters to take part, eventually, in the biennial Fastnet race. But here again the winds were unusually light and gentle, and often in this race there was not enough wind to drive the vessels along.

Undoubtedly the outstanding boats of the year were the American vessels, and of these Richard B. Nye's *Carina* was pre-eminent. She was a new and untried vessel which had been launched only four weeks, when she entered and won the Newport to Marstrand race. She went on to win the Royal London Yacht Club race round the Isle of Wight; the Britannia Cup presented by the late King George VI; the New York Yacht Club Challenge Cup; and, to crown it all, the Fastnet.

The Americans also won most of the trophies in the 6-metre classes. Their 6-metre team—*Llanoria, May Be VII, Goose* and *Ondine*—won the British–America Cup contest in four straight races. After this the Americans won the series of races arranged by the House of Commons Yacht Club in a contest between the Old and New World. And before these special events, they were generally in the forefront of most of the Cowes Week racing.

Delighted as we were that our visitors should have been successful, the results did not augur particularly well for our chances in the Olympic Games, which are being held in Australia in the winter of 1956. It was therefore encouraging to see that those responsible for picking our representatives got down to their work with such enterprise almost immediately after Cowes Week. It is, in fact, necessary for us to get our Olympic bearings now, for, because of the distances involved, our sailing men will have to leave for Australia immediately our next season closes.

The Royal Yachting Association therefore arranged races in the Solent for the 5.5 and Finn classes, in order to give some indication of the helmsmen who are to represent Britain. Among those selected is Colonel R. S. G. Perry, who, with his new 5.5-metre *Vision*, has been the outstandingly successful performer in his class.

THE SPANISH YACHT "MARE NOSTRUM" HEADS SOUTH: This special painting by Montague Dawson depicts the Captain Enrique Urrutia, running away southward after she had left the Rock behind. Her mizzen, mizzen-staysail and *Nostrum* led the fleet all the way in this year's Fastnet race, but she was placed third on handicap.

One more item of international news is worthy of mention. John Stothert has, with three others, gone to America to try to bring back the New York Canoe Club's International Challenge Trophy. This is the prize that Roger de Quincey and I won from the Americans twenty-two years ago. John Stothert is a worthy challenger, though he only started racing sliding-seat canoes last year. This season he won the Royal Canoe Club's Challenge Cup, and also their de Quincey Cup.

When it comes to speed, it is nearly always a matter of sail area. The picture on the right shows the Duke of Edinburgh steering *Bluebottle* on a close reach. The helmsman must be on the alert, for the least variation in the course will cause the spinnaker to collapse. The genoa jib is better for this extremely tricky piece of sailing, but as it covers barely three-quarters of the area of the spinnaker, it always pays the Dragon to set the larger sail. As can be seen in the picture, *Bluebottle* is sliding through the water at considerable speed, despite the fact that the back half of the spinnaker is pulling her back.

Towards the end of the season I had an opportunity of seeing one of the 12-metre cruiser racers built to the International Yacht Racing Union Rule. The occasion was the race from Cowes to Ouistreham, a hardy annual. Ouistreham lies on the French coast in the bight of the bay between the Cherbourg peninsula and Havre, right alongside the very beaches which were used by the Allies in the D-Day landings.

The I.Y.R.U. 12-metre cruiser racer is a workmanlike, seaworthy and delightful ship to look at, but in the light airs which were prevailing she was quite slow. The 8-metre cruiser racers are about the speed of a 6-metre, and the 12-metre cruiser racer that of an 8-metre. On reflection, it seems to me that this is due to lack of sail area, and unless the Rule is modified to give this seaworthy boat more sail area and more sparkle in light weather, it will never become popular.

Sail area could easily be added without increasing the height of the mast. We have now gone through the phase of tall, narrow rigs, and people are at last realising that the sail area itself is most important. The very successful American cruiser *Harrier*, for example, has a long main boom and wide base to the fore triangle, and so sets a great deal of sail on a snug and sensible mast.

It is a sign of age when you think the policemen look young, and I know now I am getting old. I can therefore claim to be able to foretell the future by looking back through the past. And the future that I foretell is that the sport of sailing will continue all round our coasts at an ever-increasing rate.

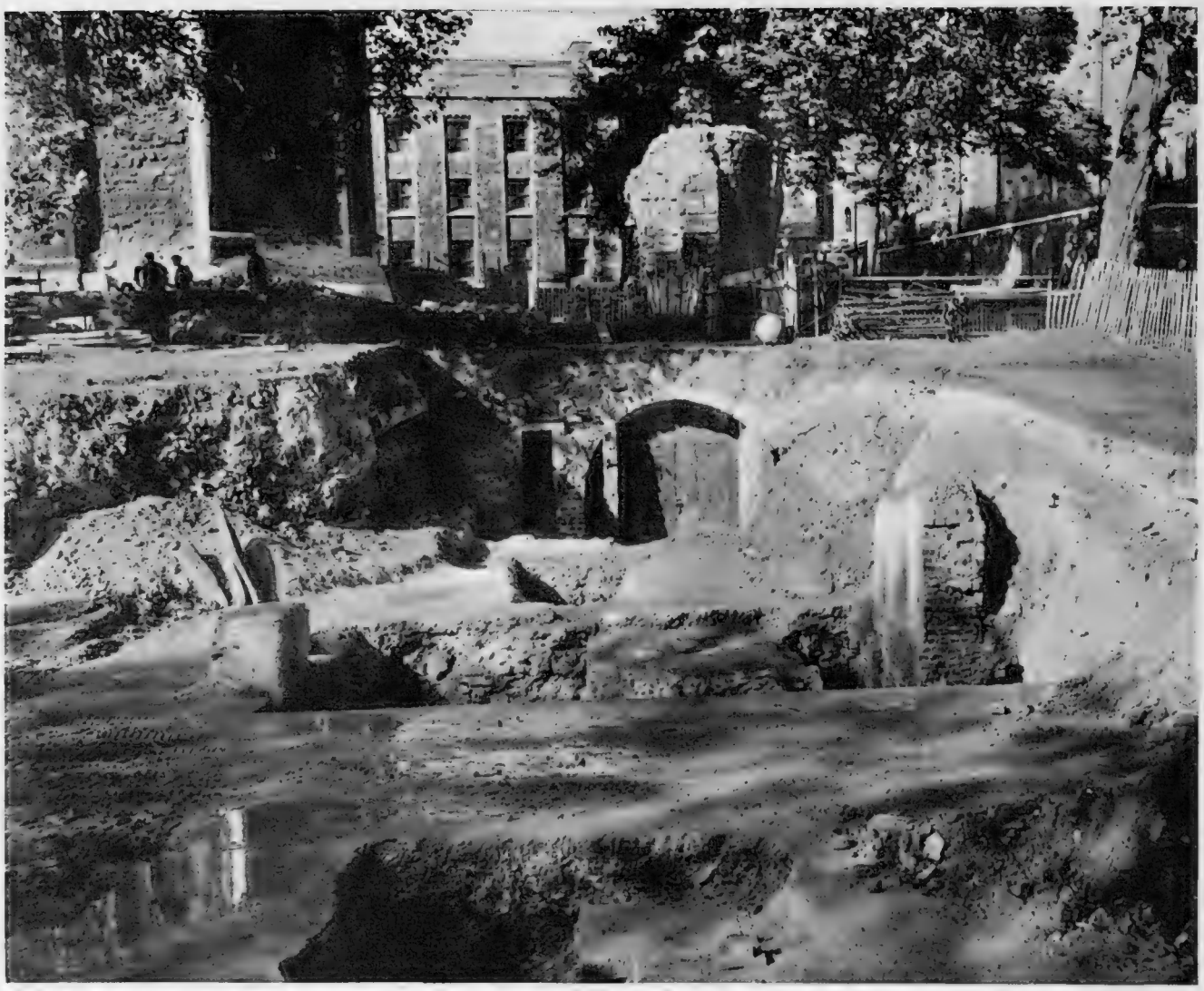
This year I crowned the Regatta Queen at Lyme Regis (another sign of advancing years). I must say that, although we consider ourselves to be a staid country, we have only to go to the regattas and carnivals arranged by every seaside town or village in England, and see the joy and gladness on every face, to realise that sailing and love of the sea brings a great deal of joy to our hearts.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT A DIFFICULT STAGE OF A RACE: He is seen steering his Dragon *Bluebottle* on a close reach. The least variation in the course at this stage would cause the spinnaker to collapse.

A ROMAN WALL AT THE TOWER

AN IMPORTANT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN LONDON

Archæologists from the Ministry of Works have taken advantage of the preparation of a site for the new home of the Crown Jewels to try to discover more of London's long past. Their work since May of this year has been rewarded with the discovery of part of the Roman Wall built round the City of London. A short length of this wall has been uncovered on a line stretching southwards from the Wardrobe Tower to the Lanthorn Tower. It stands intact to a height of 5 ft. and is built in Kentish ragstone bonded with courses of brick and has a chamfered plinth on its exterior. Another wall running along the side of the site nearest the river inside the modern Curtain Wall has also been uncovered. It is believed that this wall may represent a fortification covering the river-bank and south-east corner of London. With the help of pottery and coins found on the site archæologists have provisionally dated the wall as of the late Roman period but further excavations will have to be made before this can be confirmed. The excavators had hoped to uncover traces of the medieval Great Hall which is known to have stood near by, but it appears that the ground was levelled for the construction of the offices of the Board of Ordnance during the 18th century.



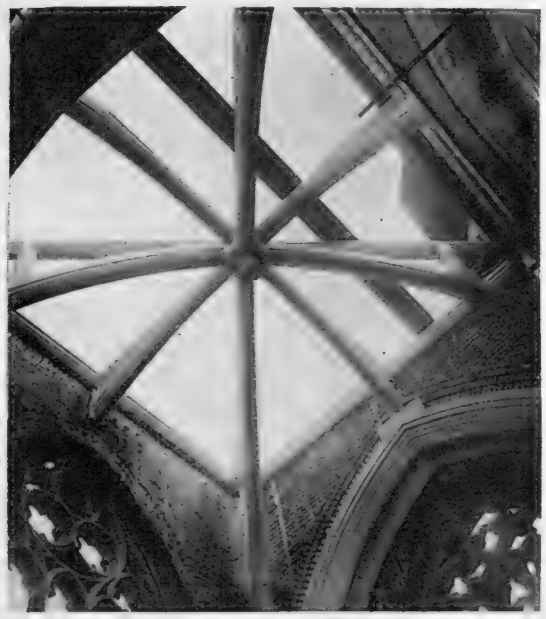
EXCAVATIONS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: A general view of the work which is being carried out on the site of the proposed building to house the Crown Jewels. In the foreground is part of what is believed to be a Roman Wall built around London. This was uncovered during the excavations on the site.

On left and *right*— **TWO CLOSE-UP VIEWS OF THE ROMAN WALL: The Wall, which stands intact to a height of 5 ft., was found during excavations by the Ancient Monuments Inspectorate of the Ministry of Works.**

LOOKING DOWN ON A SECTION OF THE WALL: *On right*—An archæologist at work. A member of the Ministry of Works team stands on the old Wall. Behind him is the more modern Curtain Wall.

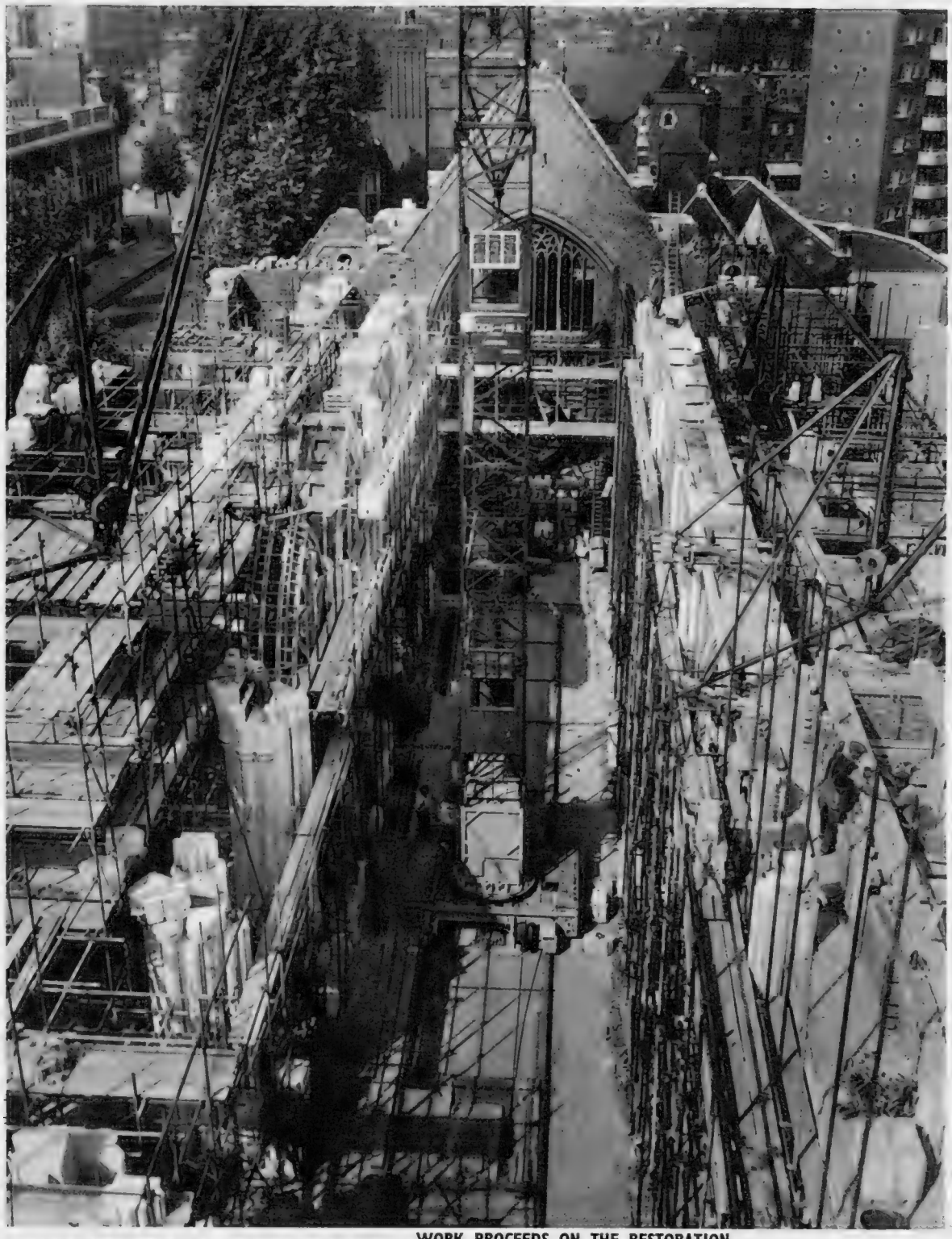
PUGIN'S CATHEDRAL RISES AGAIN

The Restoration of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Southwark is Under Way

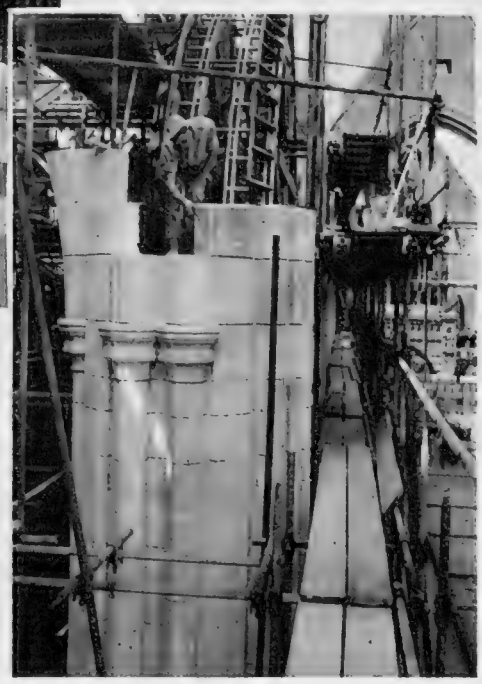


SKELETON VAULTING NEARING COMPLETION : It is under the roof of the south aisle of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Southwark which is now being restored after wartime damage. The Cathedral is expected to be ready for worship early in 1958.

In their plans for the reconstruction of the Roman Catholic Cathedral Church of St. George, at Southwark, South London, the authorities have decided that the opportunity now presented must be used to give more light to the building. The architect, Mr. Romilly B. Craze, has followed Pugin's original Gothic style plans, but it has also been possible to include what Pugin described as an "indispensable cathedral feature." This is the provision of a clerestory, with its windows high above the nave, the absence of which in the old building was caused by the lack of money at the time of construction. The original estimate for the new cathedral was some £600,000, but in order to go ahead with the work as early as possible it was decided that only the essential main structure should be undertaken. Consequently, the estimated cost was reduced to £360,000. When the work began two years ago the cathedral restoration fund stood at £260,000, this sum including £198,000 from the War Damage Commission. Since 1953 another £50,000 has been donated privately, including contributions from the Royal Family. These are believed to be the first Royal gifts to a Roman Catholic cause since the Reformation. St. George's, the best known of Pugin's forty churches, was for many years the chief Roman Catholic Church in London.



WORK PROCEEDS ON THE RESTORATION OF THE NAVE OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH, SOUTHWARK : A general view of the partially completed cathedral from the west tower looking towards the Sanctuary. The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is on the left, and on the right are the Chapel of Our Lady ; the Relics Chapel, and the Sacristy. *On right*—The interior from the east end. The old cathedral which Augustus Pugin built in the 1840's was destroyed in 1941. In the design of the new cathedral the architects are following Pugin's original plans, but with certain notable improvements.



STONE-MASONS AT WORK IN THE CATHEDRAL : While a stone-mason works at the base of one of the piers in the south aisle, an apprentice stone-mason, *on right*, fixes a springer stone on top of one of the columns which will border the north aisle. In the reconstruction Painswick stone from Gloucestershire, is being used for the interior and Portland stone for the exterior. The building contractors are Higgs and Hill Limited, and the architects are Milner and Craze. The president of the Reconstruction Fund is the Duke of Norfolk and the chairman is Rear-Admiral Sir Matthew Slattery, C.B., R.N. (Retd.).

The Home News in Pictures

"ATOMIC WARFARE" IN ENGLAND

MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN; OTHER PICTURES OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND NORTHERN IRELAND

AN "ATOMIC EXPLOSION" ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A combination of oil, petrol and gun-cotton simulates the explosion of a nuclear missile during Exercise "Ethan Down." According to the umpires about 500 officers and men of the 43rd (Wessex) Division, T.A., the defending force, were "killed" by this missile. Another 1,000 were out of action, most of them because they had suffered "burns." In Exercise "Ethan Down," Territorials were engaged in defence against an attacking force of regulars. The name of the exercise was a pun on a battle of Anglo-Saxon times—Ethandun—and the name of the present G.O.C. Southern Command, Lieut.-General Sir Ernest Down.

DIG OR DIE: In Exercise "Ethan Down" a mechanical digger goes to work on excavating a shelter trench. Lieut.-General Down drummed into all troops concerned the absolute importance of digging-in against atomic missiles.

A SAILING SHIP IN THE THAMES: The three-masted Italian training ship *Amerigo Vespucci* rides at anchor off Greenwich. The ship, commanded by Captain Ugo Giudice, is on a visit to this country. She has a complement of eighty cadets and forty-two midshipmen of the Leghorn Naval College.

DON COCKELL MISSES HIS CHANCE: The British heavyweight boxer is seen during his fight against Nino Valdes of Cuba at the White City Stadium. The fight was stopped after the third round because Cockell had sustained a bad cut over his eye. The fight was in fact an eliminating contest for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, and by losing it Cockell's chances of a world title seem remote. In the first round Cockell fought well and appeared to be winning on points, but after this the Cuban's greater height and reach began to have effect, and in the third round Cockell was sent down for a count of eight. When he rose to his feet he had a bad cut over his eye which, despite his seconds' efforts, forced him to retire.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS ON SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL : Visitors admiring the many and various blooms during the two-days show of the National Chrysanthemum Society held in Westminster last week. The show was of early-growing outdoor flowers, and despite the drought there were many exhibitors and some new varieties were seen.

CRIMINOLOGISTS AT BEDFORD COLLEGE : The Home Secretary, Major Lloyd-George, is seen opening the third International Congress on Criminology. The Congress, comprising some 400 criminologists, prison officers, psychiatrists and social workers, from forty-two countries, are discussing the problem of recidivism, its causes, and its treatment.

EXILED POLES IN LONDON FORM A NEW GOVERNMENT : *Above*—new ministers take the oath. The new Premier, Antoni Pajak, is on the left. Then come Alexander Zawisza, Foreign Minister ; Dr. Tadeusz Bugayski, Minister for the Affairs of Polish Citizens Abroad ; Jerzy Scibor, Minister of the Interior ; and Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Brochwicz-Lewinski, Minister of Defence. *On left*—President August Zaleski presides over the swearing-in ceremony. The Polish Government-in-exile in London is not recognised by the U.K., nor by any other major Western power. It has ambassadors accredited to Spain, Ireland, Cuba, Syria and the Vatican. The reason for the reconstruction of this exile "cabinet" was the sensational return to Warsaw of Mr. Hugo Hanke, who was described as the "Head" of the exiled Poles in London.

A STEEL-FRAMED SYNAGOGUE AT EDGWARE : The new synagogue, which is now being built in Edgware-way on the Watford By-pass, in Middlesex. The steel framework for this building came from the Natural Scene pavilion, which was part of the Festival of Britain exhibition in 1951. The metal was stored away pending the raising of funds for the building, which will cost about £150,000.

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT MEN OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY SAY FAREWELL : Members of the 60th H.A.A. Regiment, Royal Artillery, stationed at Holywood, in Northern Ireland, are seen during their last ceremonial parade before being disbanded. The G.O.C., Northern Ireland District, Lieut.-General B. C. H. Kimmins, took the salute. In common with most other anti-aircraft units, the 60th was disbanded because modern planes have rendered the A.A. gun obsolete.

SIR ANTHONY MEETS THE MINERS : The Prime Minister is seen chatting with two face-workers in the canteen of Lynemouth Colliery, Northumberland, which he visited last week. During his visit Sir Anthony went down the pit and walked 1,300 yards to the coal face, where he watched a mechanical coal extractor at work. He also saw improvements which will make Lynemouth one of Britain's largest pits.

INTERNATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT

New Productions in London from Japan, Italy and Britain

On right—
THE EARL OF HAREWOOD WITH THE JAPANESE BALLET : He is taking the offering of wine in the traditional blessing of the stage which was held in the Royal Opera House, London, when the Azuma Kabuki Ballet started its three-week season there. Since the stage is sacred to the Japanese dancers, the Earl was required to remove his shoes. The Kabuki dancers, who came to London from the Edinburgh Festival, are presenting a form of art new to British audiences. They give two separate programmes of their ballets. Both programmes in the Kabuki's London season can be seen on different nights until October 1.

A NEW MUSICAL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOY FRIEND" : In Sandy Wilson's *The Buccaneer*, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, are Kenneth Williams, Sally Bazely, John Faassen, Thelma Ruby, Pamela Tearle and Ronald Radd.

MEETING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE : Sally Bazely, Betty Warren and Eliot Makeham in the final scene of *The Buccaneer*, when the new young editor stages a rally of readers of the magazine. The audience on the first night of Sandy Wilson's new musical play expected much, remembering his first great success, *The Boy Friend*. *The Buccaneer* has not the impact of that nostalgic *pastiche* of the '20's, but it is an original and charming piece, with many pleasant tunes. The story tells of an old-fashioned boys' magazine, rapidly losing circulation and facing amalgamation with a group publishing "atomic comics." It is saved by a worldly woman who buys it and her prodigy son, who becomes editor. In a first-rate cast, Eliot Makeham provides a delightful study of an ageing author who has been writing the adventure serial since *The Buccaneer* began. He has created the famous, but outmoded character Captain Fairbrother, who, in the person of the young hero (played by John Faassen), becomes the central figure of the great valley. Kenneth Williams gives an outstanding performance as the brainy young editor.

POLITICAL CONSPIRACY AT THE ARTS THEATRE : In Ugo Betti's *The Burnt Flower-Bed* are, from the left, Leo McKern as Tomaso, Yvonne Mitchell in the part of Louisa, and Alexander Knox, who is Giovanni, the exiled political leader. This is a strong play blending a plan for peace and a conspiracy of violence. The idealist leader who is seeking concord in a hostile world is the victim of treachery. But besides political problems he has also domestic ones. In an excellent cast are also Edgar Wreford, Dudy Nimmo and Esmé Percy. The translation is by Henry Reed and production by Peter Hall.

INDUSTRIAL DISPUTE AT THE APOLLO THEATRE : From the left Peter Rosser as Hugh Wallis, Harvey Hall Smith (Keith Salesby), Ambrosine Phillpotts (the Industrial Matriarch, Mrs. Salesby), and Jane Downs (Catherine Stevens) are in a scene from *Lucky Strike*. This play by Michael Brett was a prize-winner in the National Play Competition organised by the "Q" Theatre at Kew earlier this year. Mrs. Salesby inherits a business which she runs in the same manner as her household. This "benevolent dictatorship" leads to a threat of a national strike. But woman's intuition solves the situation.

LIVING CHESSMEN

The People of Marostica, in Italy, Stage their Annual Game with its Traditional Pageantry

The little town of Marostica, between Venice and Vicenza, each year attracts an increasing number of visitors to watch its unique "living" game of chess in its main square. With magnificent pageantry the inhabitants enact a story which has made Marostica famous.

Tradition holds that in 1454, Leonora Parisio, the beautiful daughter of the Governor, was loved by two young noblemen, Rinaldo de Angarano and Vieri de Vallonara. They decided to settle who should win her hand by fighting a duel. But at that time Marostica was in the principality of Verona, and the Prince had decreed a ban on duelling. So when Leonora's father heard of the young men's headstrong proposal, he suggested a quieter and ingenious alternative. This was a chess contest with human beings as the pieces and the moves directed by the two rivals in love. The winner was to have Leonora as his bride.

So a gigantic marble board of black-and-white squares was laid out and a herald proclaimed the holding of "the noble game of chess, with living pieces ornate in their black-and-white insignia played with all the ceremonies and rules that this art commands and in the presence of the people. . . ." Under the eyes of the Governor, Rinaldo de Angarano and Vieri de Vallonara decided their moves from a normal-size chess-board at the side of the great square. Angarano won and duly claimed and married Leonora.

The Governor was so delighted with this original means of settling a dispute between lovers that he ordered it to be re-enacted in its original pageantry each year. This was done until the next century. Then it stopped and the tradition was not carried on again until a few years ago. Now Marostica performs its chess pageant annually. Every care is taken to see that the details of the original game are preserved. The rival nobles appear with their retinues. Move by move the game proceeds, as it did when first played in 1454, and eventually Angarano is proclaimed the winner.

LIVING PAWNS : In replicas of the costumes of 500 years ago they are escorted by banner-bearers to the black-and-white marble board in the town square.

THE WINNER CLAIMS HIS PRIZE : The play comes to its traditional end, with the winner showing how the nobleman of five centuries ago claimed his prize.

THE BOARD IS SET IN THE SQUARE OF MAROSTICA : Before a large crowd of spectators, the human "pieces" wait for the signal to begin the game. They re-enact the moves made in the game played here in this style in the fifteenth century between two noblemen. The winner gained the hand of the Governor's daughter.

"THE NOBLE GAME OF CHESS" : With these words a herald is summoning the human chessmen to the game. The knights are mounted and attendants stand by the castles to move them. Some 300 people are required to take part in the production of this annual pageant in all its original colour and detail in Marostica.

A DORSET VILLAGE FOR SALE

Plush, in Dorset—400 Years Old and Considerably Restored in the Past Ten Years—was Offered for Sale this Week

The casual motorist in Dorset is unlikely to find the village, for few signposts point the way to it. Plush, indeed, is not often on the map; it is no more than a community of sixty souls, lying snugly and peacefully in one of the most delightful and unspoilt parts of central Dorset. This week, however, there were stirring events in Dorchester, nine miles to the south. For Plush was being put up for sale.

The village boasts a history 400 years old, but up to ten years ago it had been allowed to fall gradually into disrepair. Then Mr. John Barnard-Hankey went to live in the manor. He bought Plush and the rich acres of farmland around it for £150,000, and in the ten years that he has been there he has spent another £50,000.

All the fourteen cottages were re-thatched and redecorated. Running water and electricity were introduced. A village shop was opened. The fine old church was saved from destruction. The village inn, renamed the Hankey Arms, was granted the first free licence in Dorset in twenty years.

But nothing was more responsible for the regeneration of Plush than Mr. Barnard-Hankey's farm, with its 1,243 acres, three farm-houses and three "homesteads." Here the Squire kept his famous Plush Red Poll Cattle—a herd of 250. They are magnificent animals with a great reputation among knowledgeable breeders. In the show ring, indeed, the herd has taken over 200 prizes. It topped the three-years milk averages of the National Milk Marketing Board, averaging 11,589 lb. for the years 1951–53. The success of the herd did something towards putting Plush on the map.

Now, because of ill-health, Mr. Barnard-Hankey has to sell manor and village. The herd, too, was put up for sale. He himself does not intend to leave the village, and will move from the Manor House into a small cottage. For the villagers the decision is in many ways less easy. They can only speculate what will happen to them when the village is sold. Many, afraid to face changes, have already left. But there are some brave hearts who are remaining, ready to share, if necessary, the new life which will come to Plush for the second time in ten years.

THE TRIM THATCHED ROOF AND WHITE CHALK WALLS OF THE VILLAGE INN: Outside the Hankey Arms in Plush swings the inn sign, bearing the arms of Mr. John Barnard-Hankey, who, ten years ago, bought this Dorset village and restored it. Now Plush and its lands, standing in unspoilt countryside about nine miles north of Dorchester, has been offered for sale again.

On right—

THE VILLAGE CHURCH: The shadows of the tall trees lie quietly on the walls of the church, though they cannot quite reach up to the tall belfry. Like so much of Plush, the church was restored in the past ten years while Mr. Barnard-Hankey was Squire at the manor.

Below—

THE SQUIRE WILL LIVE IN A COTTAGE: Re-thatching and rebuilding is seen being carried out on one of the cottages in Plush to which Mr. Barnard-Hankey planned to move from the manor if the village was sold earlier this week.

THE VILLAGE STORES WHICH MADE LIFE EASIER FOR THE VILLAGERS: One of the first changes to be made in the village ten years ago was the establishment of the stores. This was a boon for the sixty-odd inhabitants, and also provided a meeting place for the wives.

PLUSH WAS THRIVING ON THE SUCCESS OF ITS RED POLL CATTLE: The fine state of the cottages reflects the success of the prize-winning, record-breaking herd of 250 Red Polls on Mr. Barnard-Hankey's farm which brought employment to the villagers.

SHIPS IN THE NEWS

HOLIDAY STEAMERS MAKE THEIR LAST TRIPS OF THE SEASON AND OTHER SHIPPING EVENTS

THE LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON TO SOUTHEND : The *Royal Sovereign*, her decks crammed with passengers, sets out on her last trip to Southend and Margate before going to the West India Docks for the winter. There she will be completely stripped and overhauled.

ANOTHER TRIP FOR HEYERDAHL : The trawler *Chr. Bjelland* is seen at Oslo, from where she will sail with the archæologist, Thor Heyerdahl, of *Kon-Tiki* fame, to the Eastern Islands in the Pacific. Heyerdahl hopes to gather more evidence that the islands are peopled by emigrants who came from South America.

A NEW MINESWEEPER FOR THE ROYAL NAVY : H.M.S. *Aldington* goes down the slipway into the water after being launched at Southampton by Lady Brabourne, the elder daughter of the First Sea Lord, Earl Mountbatten. The *Aldington* is named after a Kentish village near Lady Brabourne's home.

THE LAST TRIP OF A WELL-KNOWN HOLIDAY STEAMER : The *Empress* is a ship well known to Weymouth holiday-makers for her trips round the warships in Portland Harbour and into Lulworth Cove, and she has now made her last voyage as a holiday steamer. She was built in 1879, and at that time cost only £8,000.

A GOOD CENTRE FOR A STAY BY THE LAKE OF GENEVA: The little port of Ouchy is an excellent base from which to explore all round the Lake. Byron immortalised Ouchy when he stayed there in 1816 and wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon," his poem about the Castle of Chillon, which is by the Lake of Geneva, near Montreux.

The Sphere of Travel

THE LAKE OF GENEVA

This Part of Switzerland Offers a Variety of Scenes and Landscapes and is Excellent for Those who Seek Leisurely Holidays

By GORDON COOPER

WHILE each of the great Swiss lakes has its devotees who claim that their particular choice is the best, Lake Geneva is for me the most personally satisfying. However, as a focal centre for sightseeing and also as a resort, I prefer Lausanne, with Vevey taking second place.

My particular reason for liking Lake Geneva, or, to give it its French title, Lac Leman, is that it suggests spaciousness and ease. Despite the great buttress of mountains which rise almost sheer from the French shore, it is not in the least oppressively dominated by them. In fact, in all Europe, I cannot think of any other major lake which brings greater peace of mind. Geneva has many literary associations: Gibbon, Voltaire, Mme. de Stael, Arnold and Dickens are just a few. At Ouchy, Byron found his inspiration for the "Prisoner of Chillon."

During a recent visit to this part of Switzerland I travelled leisurely on one or other of the ships of the lake fleet which thrash their way—for they are mostly paddle-steamers—over the blue expanse of water, sliding at intervals into some small port. The scenic beauty never becomes monotonous. There is always a pleasant pother of coming and going at the various wharves, of bicycles and baggage being hustled on and off the ship, and a fluttering of swans and ducks who resent the steamer's intrusion, a showing-off by small boys diving.

Lausanne, forty miles from Geneva (which can be reached in two hours from London by the excellent and frequent B.E.A. and Swissair services), is probably the most lively of Swiss cities. Perhaps this spirit comes in part from the youthful and vital exuberance of the many young people of all countries who attend its famous educational establishments. Anyhow, the atmosphere is decidedly stimulating, while the excellent shops and varied entertainments, the latter including some first-class night clubs, help to contribute to one's satisfaction. There are also many good hotels, including the Beau-Rivage at Ouchy, which is beautifully situated in its own park and overlooks the near-by lake. It is conveniently placed for lake trips, the steamer wharf being only a couple of minutes' walk away. (Evian, with its gambling casino, can be reached in half an hour, and there are late-night services during the summer season.)

Another important point in favour of Lausanne is that it is sheltered from the cold, northerly winds by steeply rising hills, thus making this Swiss Riviera far warmer in winter than its latitude would seem to warrant.

To the east of Lausanne, beyond the Lavaux, a beautiful region of vineyards, with some picturesque villages—Chexbres would be my choice for a stay—is the small town of Vevey, one of the most familiar Swiss names to English ears. Although this resort is no longer remarkable for the "beautiful simplicity" Shelley found here, it has avoided so far being a goal of motor-coach tours, and has thus managed to retain an atmosphere of fashionable distinction. I liked, too, several of its hotels: the Hotel Trois Couronnes and the Grand Hotel; the Rive-Reine, in near-by La-Tour-de-Peilz; and the Mon Repos, high up on Mt. Pélerin, but linked to Vevey by funicular. Then in the historic Taverne du Château one can eat helping after helping of that superb cheese dish, raclette, served at its best. (The raclette is made by melting a half-hoop of cheese before an open fire, then scraping the softened, semi-liquid portion on to a plate. This dish is served with potatoes, pickled onions and gherkins, and a small bottle of the local white wine. The servings are little and often, and, normally, there is no following course.)

Clarens, Montreux, Territet and Chillon are so closely linked along the lakeside that they form a single town—a town now largely catering for the passing motor-coach traffic. Daily during the summer these in-and-out tourists pour in by the thousand, to the detriment, I fear, of hotel standards in many cases. The Hotel Excelsior, however, is a prominent exception, and it would make a delightful centre for a winter holiday.

Byron confessed that "he was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard" when he wrote his poem which has made famous the Castle of Chillon. His hero was in truth no stainless patriot imprisoned by a tyrant's rage, but a rather rowdy layman prior, François Bonnivard. He conspired against the Duke of Savoy, entered into a rather undignified kind of civil war, and was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon. Four years later he was released, and was appointed Historian to the Genevan Republic. He did not find favour with Calvin, and was frequently before the Genevan Consistory. He seems to have been an average human man.

But Byron or no Byron, Chillon is interesting to visit, for it is the perfect feudal castle of the Middle Ages. The poet's name is carved on one of the dungeon pillars, and is carefully preserved by a covering piece of glass—actually, it is a forgery.

Almost every resort on Lake Geneva has its special admirer, Villeneuve, for instance, the old-fashioned town at the east end of the lake and just beyond Chillon, was a favourite with Henry James, who thought it the place of all others to "taste the charm, as distinguished from the grandeur, of Swiss landscape." Again, west of Lausanne, there are the small and peaceful resorts of Morges, Rolle and Nyon. A curiosity is the village of St. Gingolph, on the lake's southern shore, for one part of it is Swiss, the other part French; the frontier runs irregularly through it. In this respect it resembles Baarle-Nassau, a Belgian-Dutch mixture, and Rudbol, a frontier village shared by Denmark and Germany.

THE CATHEDRAL AT LAUSANNE: It is one of the finest medieval churches in Switzerland. The central tower, a later addition, is 246 ft. high.

I have still to mention Geneva, and the popular resorts of Evian and Thonon, on the French side of the lake. I fear that the great reformer who made Geneva a centre of Calvinism would get a shock if they could return to their city to-day, for their stern shackles of conduct have been thrown into the lake, and life there has become surprisingly gay. The demands for accommodating the constant international conventions and congresses, however, makes it difficult for the ordinary visitor to consider staying there. The experts have all the luck with Geneva magic.

A trip across the lake to one of the French resorts adds a special fillip to lake wanderings. Evian-les-Bains, one of France's most famous spas, is the classic sortie, while near-by Amphion and Thonon are both attractive. Should you visit Evian, then I suggest you take the funicular up the mountainside to the terminus station, then make the five-minute walk to "La Verniaz," a chalet-hotel situated amidst woodlands and with a commanding view over the lake. The outstanding reward, however, comes to the gastronome, for here you get French cooking at its best. The establishment has certainly more than earned its Michelin star, and you might even like to stay there.

Owing to the excellence of the Swiss railway system, whose management is second to none in applying common-sense rules to attract travellers, a wide range of day excursions is possible from Lausanne.

Don't miss Gruyères! The cheese that bears this tiny town's name in Britain now comes mostly from the Emmenthal, but that does not matter. Gruyères itself does matter. Its ancient main street is its only street, and this terminates in the Castle of the Counts of Gruyères, in an excellent state of preservation. Enjoy the lovely old houses, many with the crane which the counts always used in their heraldic arms. Enjoy the house of Chalamala, the court's jester, which is now a museum. When the famous fool died he left to the Count all his property, consisting of a mask, a green bonnet and some quite considerable debts. And don't fail to visit either the Hotel de Ville or the Hotel Fleur-de-Lys—both tea-room inns—where you will surely never forget the superlative strawberries (or raspberries) and cream which is the local speciality dish. I am speaking, of course, of a summer visit.

Another notable town in this hinterland of Lake Geneva is Romont, one of the most dramatic of hill towns to look at or look from. It lies north-west of Gruyères and could well be included in a circular tour. It has two peculiar round towers, one of which, La Tour à Boyer, is massive and in good condition, and can be seen for miles around. It seems to have no ground-floor entrance but a door of sorts high above the ground, and just under its roof are four openings that face exactly north, south, east and west. The round towers of Romont are a mystery. Nobody knows for what purpose they were built.

Altogether, this corner of Switzerland is infinitely diverse, offering a variety of charming scenes and landscapes, and I confidently recommend a holiday there, especially for those with leisurely tastes.

THE VIEW FROM MONTREUX: Behind the Lake clouds cloak the mountains. Montreux is a delightful centre for a winter holiday. It is so closely linked with Clarens, Territet and Chillon that they form one town.

FLOURISHING ISLAND OF CAPRI: The square in Capri is a favourite meeting-place for the tourists of many nationalities who come to this island at the southern end of the Bay of Naples. Capri has for some years been established as a holiday resort with a world-wide reputation.

ISLAND RIVALS

Ischia is Setting Out to Rival Capri as a Tourist Attraction

Everyone has heard of Capri, the island at the south of the Bay of Naples. It is synonymous with beauty and romance and there has even been a popular song about it. Now another island in the Bay of Naples—Ischia, at the north—is determinedly setting about rivalling Capri as a tourist centre and holiday attraction. The inhabitants have also their own song of praise, "Ischia, Paradise of Youth."

Twenty or so years ago Ischia had a bad name—it was notorious as one of Mussolini's concentration camps for political prisoners. But it can be pointed out that Capri, too, was once infamous, when it was a centre of profligacy in the days of the Roman Emperor Tiberius. The Ischians make no attempt to hide their more recent "past," but with the wonderful natural advantages of their island they have no fear of not living down this unfortunate piece of history.

The visitor to Ischia will at once be met by enthusiastic inhabitants who will outline to him all the charms of their home and the many pleasures it holds for him—some of them unusual ones. For instance, there is octopus-fishing at night, and on at least one day he must be rowed to a stretch of shore where the sand is so hot that it is impossible to set foot on it. Hot gases escape from volcanic rocks—but there is no need for alarm, the last eruption occurred in the fourteenth century—and the sands reach a temperature of 90 degrees Centigrade. However, by walking on planks, an ingenious use is made of this "natural kitchen." Holes are dug in the sand and pots placed in them containing fish, tomatoes, oil, salt and herbs. Next, potatoes and eggs are put in. Within a few minutes the meal is ready to serve. The dishes are taken to a cooler part of the sands, where the food is the better enjoyed to the accompaniment of a bottle of Ischian white wine. There are excellent vineyards on the island and in this respect the inhabitants claim definite superiority over Capri, which, they say, has few native wines.

There are plenty of other, more usual activities for holidaymakers. They can bathe and laze on delightful little beaches. When the sun is too hot, gaily-coloured umbrellas are available. There are innumerable excursions to suit every taste. Most people climb to the top of the inactive volcano, Epomeo, in the centre of the island. The view from here, 2,588 ft. up, is best seen at dawn. In most parts of the island there is the healthy scent of umbrella pines, which grow in abundance round the shore.

The historian will find much to interest him. Excavations indicate that the island was inhabited 5,000 years ago. Later, it was probably deserted because of eruptions, but there are references to it being colonised again in Livy's histories. After the Ancient Romans, Normans, Aragonese and French were among the colonists and invaders. One of the great architectural beauties is the fifteenth-century castle perched 300 ft. above the town of Ischia. The island, too, may be worth a visit by invalids. Its thermal springs at Sant' Angelo are reputedly of great benefit for arthritic ailments.

Ischia is best reached by boat from Naples. Many hotels are springing up. Five were opened last month. The Ischians never tire of repeating a foreign journalist's opinion that "Ischia is five times as big as Capri and five times as beautiful." The geographical ratio is an exaggeration. Ischia is 18 square miles in area, Capri 5½. As for the comparison in natural attractions, the visitor can only decide for himself.

Above—
HE RIVAL ISLAND: A steamer disembarks visitors in the port of Ischia, the island at the northern end of the Bay of Naples. Like Capri, Ischia has romantic and beautiful scenery and a long history. Its inhabitants are starting to build up a rival tourist trade to that of Capri.

On right—
AFTER A TRIP IN THE BAY: Visitors are helped ashore. In the background are houses in Sant' Angelo, built in Moorish style for protection against the heat. Ischia had a notorious name twenty years ago—it was an island prison for political prisoners under Mussolini's Fascist regime.

A BEACH AT ISCHIA: Umbrellas are gathered in at the end of a long day of sunshine. Besides an excellent summer climate, Ischia offers thermal springs and historic monuments. New hotels are being opened on the island.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WELFARE OFFICER AT WORK

"Show Them The Way To Go Home" is the Story of a Woman's Work Among British Troops in India; And Several New Novels with International Backgrounds

IF one says that Margaret Pratt's novel, SHOW THEM THE WAY TO GO HOME (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), is the story of the repatriation of a number of British troops from India towards the end of the war, it would be true. But it would be doing both the author and the book a disservice by making the subject appear either technical on one side, or too sentimental on the other. There certainly are opportunities for sentiment in a theme like this, but Margaret Pratt has not taken any more of them than are unavoidable. And as for the technique of the business, it is clear that she has that, or has had it, at her own finger-ends. Her heroine is a young and disconcertingly attractive Englishwoman, a war widow, who is appointed welfare officer at an Indian hill station where thousands of men are waiting for repatriation or new postings. Her job is to work under the military command and in close communication with her opposite numbers in England to help straighten out some of the matrimonial and domestic problems of soldiers who, in some cases, have been away from their homes for years.

The object of such a woman welfare officer is to encourage the confidences of the men who bring their home problems to her, treat them with sympathy and a great deal of common sense, and try to help them either to a compassionate leave to England, in urgent cases a flight back, or a sorting-out of their worries through talk, correspondence and the visits of her colleagues at home to the men's wives and families. "Fiction is tame, stale, confronted with the contents of Army welfare files in wartime." As for the girl herself, her own problems are chiefly romantic ones and they are satisfactorily resolved at the end, but the great interest of the book is not in love-affairs, however complex or happy. It is in the humanity and the efficiency of an organisation like the S.S.A.F.A., to whose "unsung heroines" the book is dedicated, in company with the British Other Ranks and their Officers.

THE SLEEPING TIGER (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) treats of a very different kind of welfare problem. This is a novel by Mr. Maurice Moseiwitsch about a successful psychiatrist who decides to take a juvenile delinquent into his home and attempt his rehabilitation through kindness, patience and the presence of a cosy domestic background. Unfortunately, the young man, although delinquent enough, is not so juvenile that he cannot have a rousing love-affair with the doctor's wife. This, naturally, puts the psychiatrist, rather than the patient, on his mettle, and a tolerant, understanding and thoroughly unhappy time is had by all, until the boy decides to cut his losses and, on a thoroughly decent impulse, leaves the house and his crime career and goes to another part of the country to find real work. Mr. Moseiwitsch writes persuasively and warmly of his three characters and of the passion, the pity and the nascent moral sense that they embody respectively.

TRUMPETS OVER MERRIFORD (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a quiet and pleasant chronicle of country doings as they might be in a village on the Upper Thames, and as they are, when Mr. Reginald Arkell chooses to write about them. This is an altogether agreeable book. It has no drama, no more tension than a strand of raffia could support, and no particular purpose except to demonstrate, it would seem, that English village life can be satisfying, that gardens can be the antithesis of Kew and still a source of delight, and that it is not necessarily people's faults that make them interesting.

Mr. David Eames has had the idea, which you may or may not appreciate but which is unquestionably an idea, of allowing the characters of his novel to take over the plot and dictate to the author. One of the drawbacks of such a scheme is that it is apt to be a little self-conscious. So, while THE TITLE 'S MY OWN (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.) has considerable humour and undeniable freshness, I still find Mr. Eames' new method a trifle disconcerting.

UP THE GREEN RIVER (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), by Mr. Thomas Gilby, is one of those big, rich novels that take a hundred years into their scope, and travel easily between the English Black Country, Spain and South America, with characters and eccentrics to spare, plenty of action, violence at times, and a fair share of loving and leaving. In other words, it is in the tradition of the picaresque, and a vital and full-blooded expression of that manner. Mr. Gilby has a direct, black-and-white kind of style which suits his matter, and his book is very readable without always being quite credible.

AN EXCHANGE OF TIBETAN EXPERIENCES: Heinrich Harrer (right), author of *Seven Years in Tibet* (published in 1953 by Hart-Davis; 16s.), and Robert Ford, of Burton-on-Trent, meet in London for the first time in six years. They spent nearly a year together in Lhasa before Mr. Ford, who was working on radio installations for the Tibetan Government, was captured by Chinese Communists in 1950. He was their prisoner for 4½ years. Mr. Harrer's book recalls his exploits after his escape from an Indian P.O.W. camp. (He was arrested in 1939 when on a German expedition to find a new route on Nanga Parbat.)

Mary Durack's novel is of Australia and its outback. KEEP HIM MY COUNTRY (Constable. 13s. 6d.) takes its title from a plaintive aboriginal song. I found this book of exceptional interest, principally because it is so palpably a record of true experiences and a picture so photographically exact of country and conditions. The author herself comes from one of the great pioneering families in Australia, and there is scarcely a page from which the reader doesn't get the impression of reality,

THE CITY AND THE MOUNTAINS (Reinhardt. 12s. 6d.) has been translated by the poet Roy Campbell, and was written by the Portuguese author Eça de Queiroz at the end of his life. There is not a trace of age or fatigue about it however. It is the story of a young Portuguese nobleman who decides to leave his country for Paris, where he lives in a huge flat in the Champs Elysées and, ostensibly, leads an existence of gaiety, culture and luxury. The truth is quite other, sadly for him, but hilariously for the reader.

THE FLAME OF THE FOREST (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is a further volume of Sudhin Ghose's enchanting Indian tales, personal, inconsequential, loquacious and always conveying an Indian atmosphere that is more pervasive and, in a sense, more real than the findings or descriptions of a more orthodox writer. The illustrations are by Shrimati Arnakali E. Carlile.

HOMECOMING (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is by Jiro Osaragi, a writer extremely well known in his own country, and it was translated from the original Japanese by the late Brewster Horwitz. The theme is the fierce contrast between the old order and the new in Japan, and the author has chosen to show this in its simplest and most trenchant form through the story of a man of intelligence who returns to his country after a long exile and re-discovers his child, his ex-mistress and the friends whose talk and whose opinions, above all, are like a demarcation line between the past and the present. In style, this novel is exquisitely simple and, as a result, very effective.

ZERO EIGHT-FIFTEEN (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.) is Hans Hellmut Kirst's novel about the one-man mutiny of a gunner in a German provincial garrison town before the last war, and has been translated by Robert Kee. In Germany this satire of Army life has had a prodigious success, though here the savagery of its bite must be less evident. We are told, by the way, and it is an interesting note, that the significance of the title is that the phrase originally applied to the old machine-gun designed in '08, and is now used by the German soldier to sum up the futility and frustration of his military existence.

Among the period pieces and historical romances, there are several worth noticing. THE JEALOUS MISTRESS (Alvin Redman. 12s. 6d.) of Mr. Paul Elbogen's title is Art, and his story is set in Paris and London in the '90's, or what might be called the *Moulin Rouge* period. I found it somewhat melodramatic, but a book of this sort always has the advantage of sending one back to the lives of the artists who really lived at that time, and on whose *panache* fiction can scarcely improve.

THE SURGEON OF SEDBRIDGE (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is quieter stuff: a study of a country town surgeon in the 1820's, successful, secure and married to a beautiful woman. Mr. David Emerson has admirably re-created the atmosphere of the middle-class provincial society of the times.

Miss Frances Winwar has written about the Lady of the Camellias, the beautiful woman who was born Alphonsine Plessis in 1824 and whose career inspired playwrights, composers and, more recently, makers of films. THE LAST LOVE OF CAMILLE (Alvin Redman. 12s. 6d.) shows her, however, not as we have learned to accept her, but in the throes of her only real love-affair, with the musician Franz Liszt. Miss Winwar does this kind of thing very ably.

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE (W. H. Allen. 18s.), *by Ethel le Vane and J. Paul Getty, is the Chronicle of an Artistic Odyssey through England and Europe in search of new acquisitions for an art collection in a private American museum.*

The fifteenth annual issue of **THE SATURDAY BOOK** (Hutchinson. 25s.), *edited by John Hadfield, contains over 100 pages of illustrations. Among the many contributors are C. H. Gibbs-Smith, James Laver, Philip Hope-Wallace and Laurence Whistler.*

A TREASURY OF YIDDISH STORIES (André Deutsch. 25s.) *is the first comprehensive anthology of Yiddish stories to appear in English. It is edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg who, in an introduction, describe the background from which this literature sprang.*

THE GOLDEN EAGLE: King of Birds (Collins. 16s.) *is described by Seton Gordon, who has lived all his life in, or in reach of, the country of the bird. The book is well illustrated.*

A SOMBRE PARADE

Tales of Inhumanity and Intolerance

This week there is a spate of stories largely concerned with man's inhumanity to man. All are heavily charged with the same atmosphere of cruelty; there are few moments of relief in this sombre parade.

In ALL PITY CHOKED (William Kimber. 16s.) Anatoli Granovsky tells how he became a Soviet Secret Agent. This took place after his father, an original Communist Party member, was liquidated in the 1936 Purge. Anatoli was then brutally and ruthlessly exploited by the N.K.V.D., his father's murderers. The sickening recital of events, the killings, the beatings and the deprivations, form an all too familiar and horrible pattern. Despite its gruesome nature and its unsuitability for reading anywhere near bedtime, this is a well-written book. Anatoli's increasing recoil from the Soviet regime hardened his determination to escape. So he secured a transfer to the Soviet Merchant Navy which paved the way to desertion in a Swedish port. He now lives in South America.

Christopher Portway's JOURNEY TO DANA (William Kimber. 16s.) is a most moving document. The author was a twenty-year-old N.C.O. in the British Army when he was captured in France in 1944. He was sent to a camp in Poland and put to work in the mines. His subsequent escape and his meeting with the Czech girl Dana was more than a romantic episode. After the war Mr. Portway went out to Czechoslovakia and married Dana, and in 1948 she came home to England with him to settle down in Essex. During the following year Dana's mother became ill and she returned home. After some weeks her letters ceased. Portway's unauthorised break into Czechoslovakia in search of his wife is highly dramatic, as also is the sudden, brief and tragic encounter with Dana who, strangely changed from her past gay self, strangely fearful of all around her, asks for her freedom. So the poignant story ends with a young couple parted at the command of a police State. It is a story that belongs essentially to this tumultuous age. (The publishing date of *Journey to Dana* is next Monday.)

The vast implacable inhumanity of the Russian penal system passes Western comprehension. The system of arrest, accusation and interrogation is sinister, merciless and soulless. This aspect of the slave camps emerges very clearly in Otto Larsen's memorable book NIGHTMARE OF THE INNOCENTS (Andrew Melrose. 15s.). Otto Larsen, a native of Finnmark, in Norway's far north, was an active Communist who, for no discoverable crime, was arrested by the Russians and sentenced to ten years' hard labour. Larsen's personal sufferings make this a book which can only be read with anguish and pity. But perhaps the great importance of this story lies in the picture it presents of a land of fear, suspicion and all-poisoning distrust. The author alleges that there are between 38,000,000 and 40,000,000 people in the Soviet slave camps, and most of them are enduring sentences of savage duration. On reaching freedom and Norway, Larsen felt no elation, his thoughts were set on those far-away northern camps and the friends who endured with him. Nightmares such as this are not shaken off easily.

And now let us turn half-across the world to another tale of nightmarish quality, the story of Dr. Robert J. Oppenheimer. Few men could survive fifteen active years under close surveillance without having at least some of their actions misinterpreted or misunderstood. So it was with Dr. Oppenheimer. It was little wonder that he did not survive the ordeal, but it is even more remarkable that amid all the probing and the investigation the evidence against this eminent man of science should have been so very flimsy. In WE ACCUSE! (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) Joseph and Stewart Alsop show just how Oppenheimer came to be victimised, being denied the security clearance which would enable him to continue as chief adviser to the U.S. Government on scientific matters. The Alsops, brother journalists of high integrity and proved responsibility, marshal the facts to show the Oppenheimer case as a monstrous miscarriage of justice and a blot upon American traditions.

An American citizen who grew up in Prague, studied at Vienna, Basle and the Sorbonne, who has served as an officer in the Czech Army, a secretary in the Czech Parliament, and survived arrests by the Gestapo, the Italian and the Japanese secret police can lay a fair claim to worldly experience. Joseph Wechsberg has capitalised on this experience to write a most excellent first novel, THE SELF-BETRAYED (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). The theme is the changing pattern of life in Europe between the First and Second World Wars. We follow the fortunes of two schoolboy friends whose roads lead them far apart, one of them the uncompromising Marxist Bruno Stern, who ends up as a self-confessed Trotskyist-Titoist-Zionist-Bourgeois-nationalist traitor.

Finally, here is a Frenchman's view of modern Russia. In SOVIET ENCOUNTER (Geoffrey Bles. 18s.) Rear-Admiral Peltier, former Naval Attaché in the French Embassy in Moscow, has written a most careful appraisement of modern Russia, where he found liberty and equality in modest doses and a whole abundance of fraternity. As a European, Admiral Peltier considers the implications of the new Soviet order, finding much both to praise and blame.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

There's no substitute for a LAND-ROVER

Ferrying men and materials over the scarred and pitted surfaces of a building site . . . towing loads of two tons up and down rutted country lanes . . . acting as a personal runabout for farmer or factory manager . . . these are but a few examples of Land-Rover versatility. And when fitted with centre or rear power take-off, the vehicle can become a mobile power unit or stationary engine. No wonder Land-Rovers are busy making mole-hills out of mountains in almost every country in the world.

Four-wheel drive won't take 'No Road' for an answer!

86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.

Photos by courtesy of the R.T.S.C. Group.

- FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE
- EIGHT SPEEDS FORWARD AND TWO REVERSE
- SPECIAL LONG-LIFE ENGINE FEATURES
- TOWS A 2-TON LOAD WITH EASE

MADE BY THE ROVER CO. LTD · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

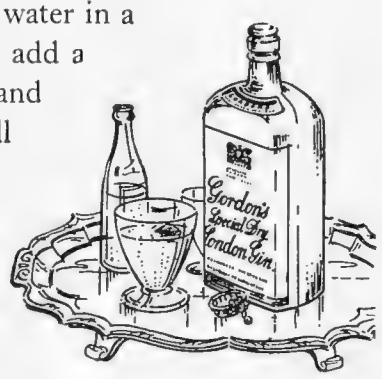
CVS-145

THIS is the Gin...

... FOR A PERFECT GIN AND TONIC

BY APPOINTMENT
GIN DISTILLERS
TO THE LATE
KING GEORGE VI

Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world, with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained: simply mix Gordon's and tonic water in a goodish sized glass; add a thin slice of lemon and relax . . . Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as Gordon's Gin* and Tonic.



*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

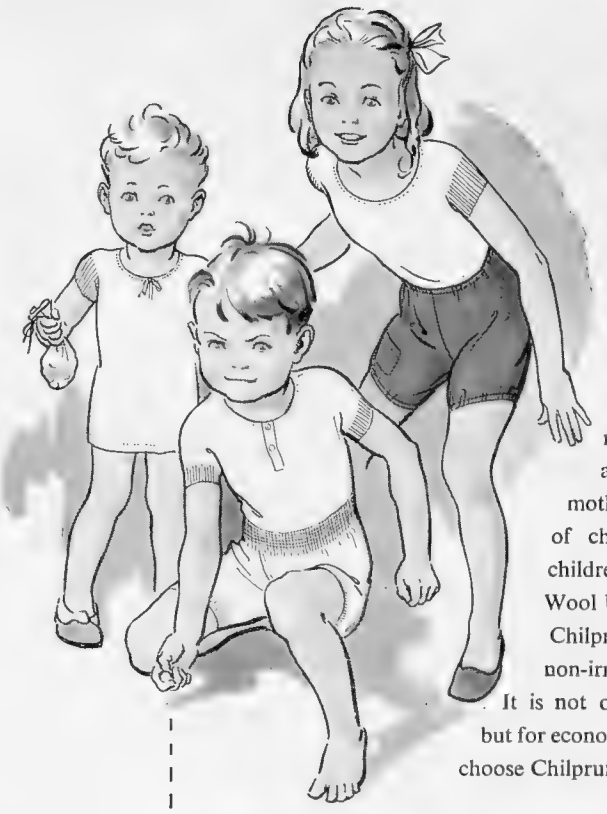
MAXIMUM PRICES: BOT. 33/9d · ½ BOT. 17/7 · ¼ BOT. 9/2d · MINIATURE 3/7d · U.K. ONLY

And these are Gordon's too . . .

GORDON'S ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred.

BOT. 32/- · ½ BOT. 16/9d · MINIATURE 3/5d



fun and games

The children take no heed of the risks they run in their exuberant activities; but the wise mother foresees the danger of chills, and clothes her children in Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear.

Chilprufe is soft and smooth, non-irritant, and very durable. It is not only for health safety, but for economy too that you should choose Chilprufe.

PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

Chilprufe

for children

Also Children's Outerwear, Tailored Coats, Shoes, Toys, Ladies' and Men's Pure Wool Underwear. Ask your Chilprufe Agent, or write for Catalogue.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

What you should know about Brandy

V·S·O·P

The best brandy comes from Cognac. The finest Cognac comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts in the centre of Cognac. *All* Remy Martin Cognac is made from grapes grown *exclusively* in these two areas. That is why people ask for Remy Martin and are never disappointed.

V·S·O·P

REMY MARTIN

Pride of Cognac

Six qualities which COUNT...

THE 2-LITRE

RENAULT

Frégate

- 85 m.p.h. with ease.
- Overdrive fitted for economy—28 to 30 m.p.g!
- Plenty of room for 6 adult passengers and all their luggage.
- Magnificent roadholding, as a result of independent 4-wheel suspension.
- Very low maintenance cost (Example: Removable wet liners are replaceable at £15 per set of pistons and liners).
- Many luxuries fitted as standard, including soft furniture hide upholstery, heater, air-conditioning, windscreen washers, and white wall tyres.

Economy motoring in style...

WITH THE "PENNY-A-MILE" **RENAULT '750'**

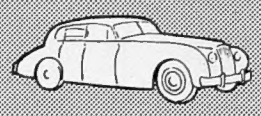
- A 4-door saloon (sliding roof if required) with ample room for 4 adults within the wheelbase.
- Top speed well over 60 m.p.h.; average petrol consumption, 50 m.p.g. ('The Autocar' test).
- Independent 4-wheel suspension gives superb roadholding.
- Amazingly manoeuvrable; slips through traffic like quicksilver and can be parked almost as easily as a pram.
- Removable cylinder liners with replacement sets of pistons and liners at £7.15s.0d. (Labour costs saved).
- Heater, demister and radiator blind fitted at no extra cost.

Contact our nearest agent for a demonstration ride and let the Frégate and '750' speak for themselves.

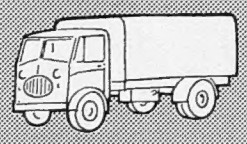
RENAULT LTD., WESTERN AVENUE, LONDON, W.3. SHOWROOMS: 21 PALL MALL, S.W.1

Manufacturers in Great Britain since 1899. Distributors throughout the United Kingdom, all of whom carry full stocks of spare parts.

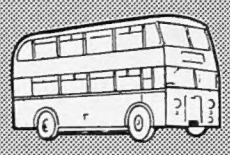
(294)



Whatever the road,

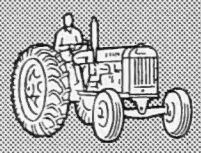


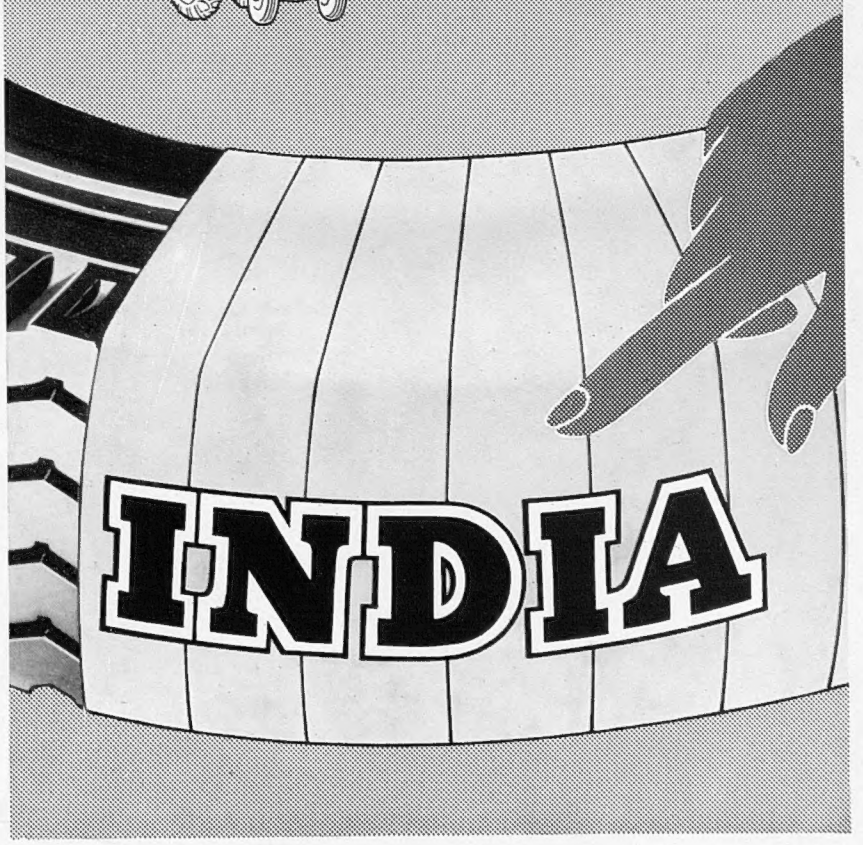
whatever the load,

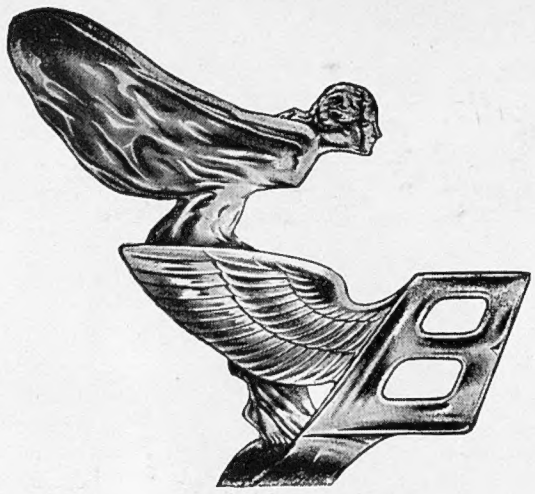


fit "the finest

tyres made"







See and try the

ROLLS-ROYCE

SILVER CLOUD

and

BENTLEY

'S' SERIES

at The Car Mart Ltd

OFFICIALLY APPOINTED RETAILERS

HEAD OFFICE: STANHOPE HOUSE, 320 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1. EUSTON 1212
GLOUCESTER HOUSE, 150 PARK LANE, W.1 (*Corner of Piccadilly*). GROSVENOR 3434
and Branches throughout the London Area

Established 1893

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LIMITED
Distillers · Leith · Scotland

Firestone

Experience Counts—

27 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED TYRES FOR EVERY MOTORING NEED

DE LUXE and SUPER BALLOON

These tyres have long been recognised by wise motorists as offering the finest value-for-money. They provide all-round safety with comfort, and give long, silent service on the highway.

Town & Country **ALL SEASON**

For rear wheels, giving non-skid safety on wet slippery roads, and maximum grip in mud. Smooth riding, and quiet. Long, trouble-free mileage.

★ TUBELESS OR TUBED

★ **Firestone** Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE advent of a guest in one's house entails preparation. Apart from menus to be thought out, there is the getting-ready of the visitor's bedroom, especially the provision of those little things that make for welcome, such as flowers and books. One cannot expect to find the same degree of personal thought in an hotel, yet there are many instances where my wife and I *have* experienced the pleasurable unexpected.

Last month we found on arrival at one hotel bedroom, besides an unusually beautifully-arranged bowl of flowers, current periodicals, a fitment for electric razors, a first-aid for clothes outfit, a shoe-cleaning set, hot-water bottles, lavender-scented pillows, a galaxy of coat-hangers, notepaper and envelopes, clean pen, blotting paper, fountain-pen ink *and* a 2s. 6d. book of stamps labelled "Dorchester Hotel."

No, it was not London, but the bijou Dorchester Hotel and restaurant at Woodstock, so ably run by Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and daughter.

It is not necessarily the small hotel, however, in which one finds such detailed thought. I cite, for example, The Blossoms at Chester, with 100 bedrooms. Each has its individual colour scheme, and is furnished with an eye to shape and aspect. All the essential etceteras are present including lighting in the right places, so The Blossoms of to-day makes a pleasanter haven for the tired motorist than it did 300 years back, when stage-coach passengers groped their way to bed by candlelight.

Another example is The Golden Lion, Stirling, a gateway to the Highlands. Here, Mr. Edwin Adam and his Board decided, on rebuilding after fire, to spend liberally—and the touristic prestige of Scotland has risen in consequence. Most bedrooms are complete to the last detail—telephone, wireless and built-in furniture of walnut, oak or bird's-eye maple. The beds are deliciously resilient, with candlewick bedspreads to match the colour scheme of the room. Many bedrooms are fitted with private showers, and if you stay more than a few days you are given (perhaps I should say "lent," because they have been known to disappear) a bathrobe to match the bedspread.

While on this bedroom thought, I am reminded of Sandridge Park Hotel near Melksham, where Lady Holt Wilson puts in her visitors' bedrooms a complete box of varying scented bath tablets so that you may choose your favourite.

Then, at the chain of Simonds' Hotels they are installing, because of a shortage of chambermaids, built-in beds as well as wardrobes, so, gentlemen, that collar-stud you lose will not be under the bed in a Simonds' house!

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BATH. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL

Distinctively individual, with an appeal to all, irrespective of age. Standing in own beautiful grounds. Every comfort. Rooms with private bath. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Lift. Garage. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: 5891.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA. THE BERESFORD

Science may progress, but Nature still provides Thanet with the healthiest air in Britain. So come for a tonic at this fine hotel, private sea promenade, dancing, tennis and squash. Renowned for courtesy and cuisine. R.A.C. and A.A.**** Tel.: Thanet 41345.

SANDBANKS, NR. BOURNEMOUTH. HARBOUR HEIGHTS HOTEL

Surely the perfect site for an Autumn Holiday—with unparalleled views of the Channel, the Purbecks and the whole of Poole Harbour. Within—good food and wine always. Fully licensed. Nearby—sandy seashore; Parkstone for golf; sailing; tennis. Tel.: Canford Cliffs 77272.

CHESTER, CHESHIRE. THE BLOSSOMS

The atmosphere of the past, the amenities of the present and memorable food and wine are characteristics of this famous hotel, a landmark for three centuries in this lovely old city of Chester. Advance reservations are advisable. Tel.: 23186.

BRITAIN'S FARTHEST SOUTH

Not had your holiday yet? Wondering where to go? We at

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL

in the delectable CHANNEL ISLE OF JERSEY, have a ready-made answer, for we face the sands and sea, and Summer is ever loath to leave us. Tel.: Southern 1, or write for brochure.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL

where Ashley Courtenay often stays. Central. (2 mins. from South Kensington Underground and bus stop.) 41 bedrooms and some private bathrooms and showers. Fully licensed. Noted for food and wine. Tel.: KEN 3693. Under same direction as Royal Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL

First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Hendon 1456.

LYNDHURST, NEW FOREST. PARKHILL HOTEL

never closes its doors, for from October 1st Autumn and Winter residents begin to arrive. It's a cosy halting-spot with log fires, central heating, country air, country pursuits and country fare. Will you join us?

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, Norfolk. GRAND HOTEL

Fine sands, bracing air, plenty of sunshine. Good food, wines and service. Open Whitsun to October. Tel.: 190.
(Under same direction—MANOR HOTEL, MUNDESLEY.)

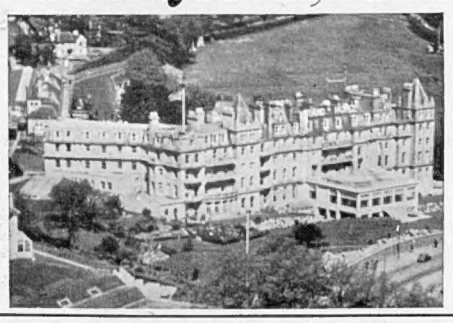
SIDMOUTH. BELMONT HOTEL

Best in its own class; is in tune with this sunny South Devon resort. Refined and unostentatious. No music, dancing or cocktail bar, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort, it ever keeps abreast of the times. Tel.: 1555.

NR. STROUD, Glos. MOOR COURT HOTEL

An hotel of contentment situated in some of the finest Cotswold country. Ideal for exploration and for experiencing English country life at its best. Tel.: Amberley 2283.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL



For your Autumn holidays

Facing full South, overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.

Write O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 25234.

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS. THE SPA HOTEL

Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL

Stay in warmth and comfort in one of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms: self-contained suites Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: Weybridge 1190.

'Granola'

The finest of all Digestive Biscuits

Macfarlane Lang

British Biscuits at their Best

Established 1817

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S

DRY SACK

REGD.

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

and of course— **WALNUT BROWN** *and* **CARLITO**

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD · 35 SEETHING LANE · LONDON · E.C.3

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

IN PEACEFUL SUFFOLK : *by Rowland Hilder, R.I.*

They're not so silly in Suffolk

SILLY SUFFOLK!—how greatly the modern usage of words has libelled this grand county. 'Silly' once meant to be fortunate, to be blessed. And, in that sense, it is indeed Silly Suffolk. Fortunate in its sweeping, fertile lands, in its rambling old-world hamlets, and its gracious, prospering towns; blessed to breed a people of such kindly ways, of such quiet, persevering industry.

And of their ability to sort the dross and the gold, what surer evidence than the little red Brooke Bond vans running through their villages and towns and across their mysterious marshlands delivering to grocer after grocer the tea of their choice.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond

good tea-and FRESH!

Gather 'Wild Flowers' . . .

In each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets' you will find one of the 'Wild Flowers' picture card series by John Markham, F.R.P.S.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1955. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.